

NATIONAL

FEBRUARY
No. 46

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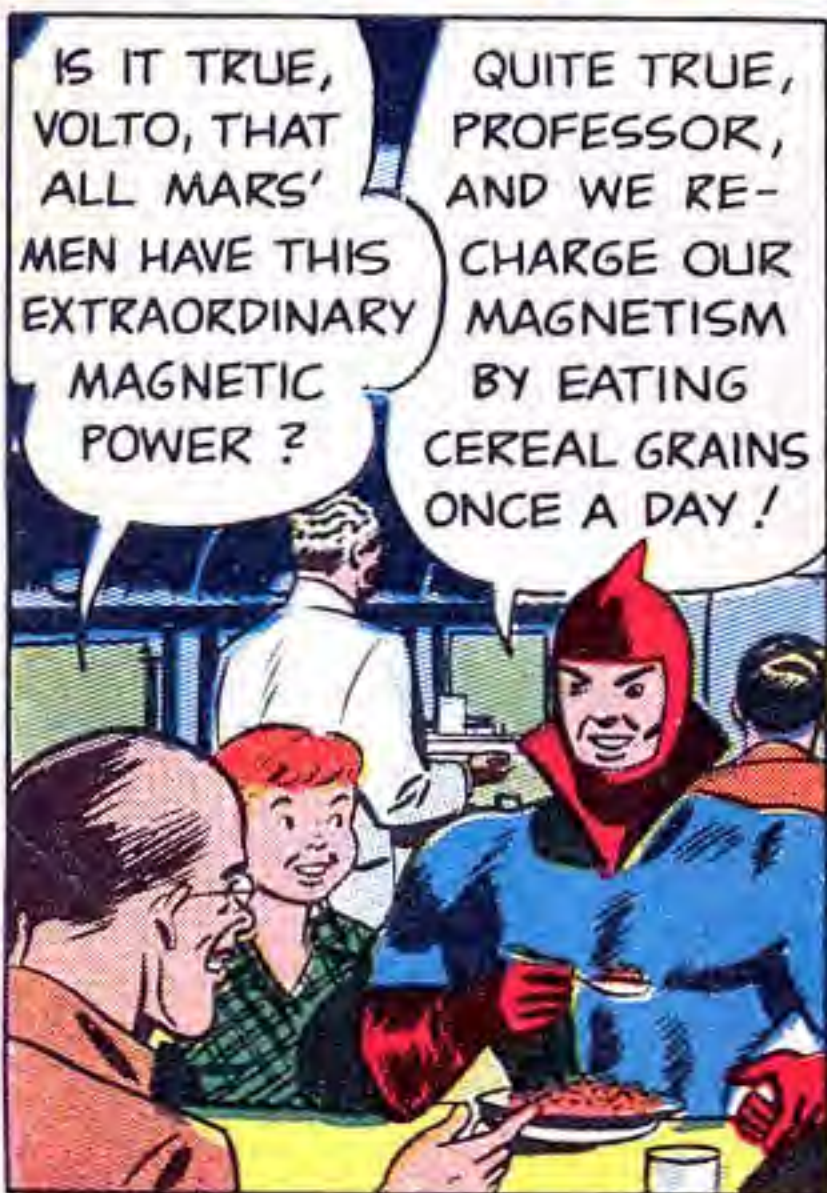
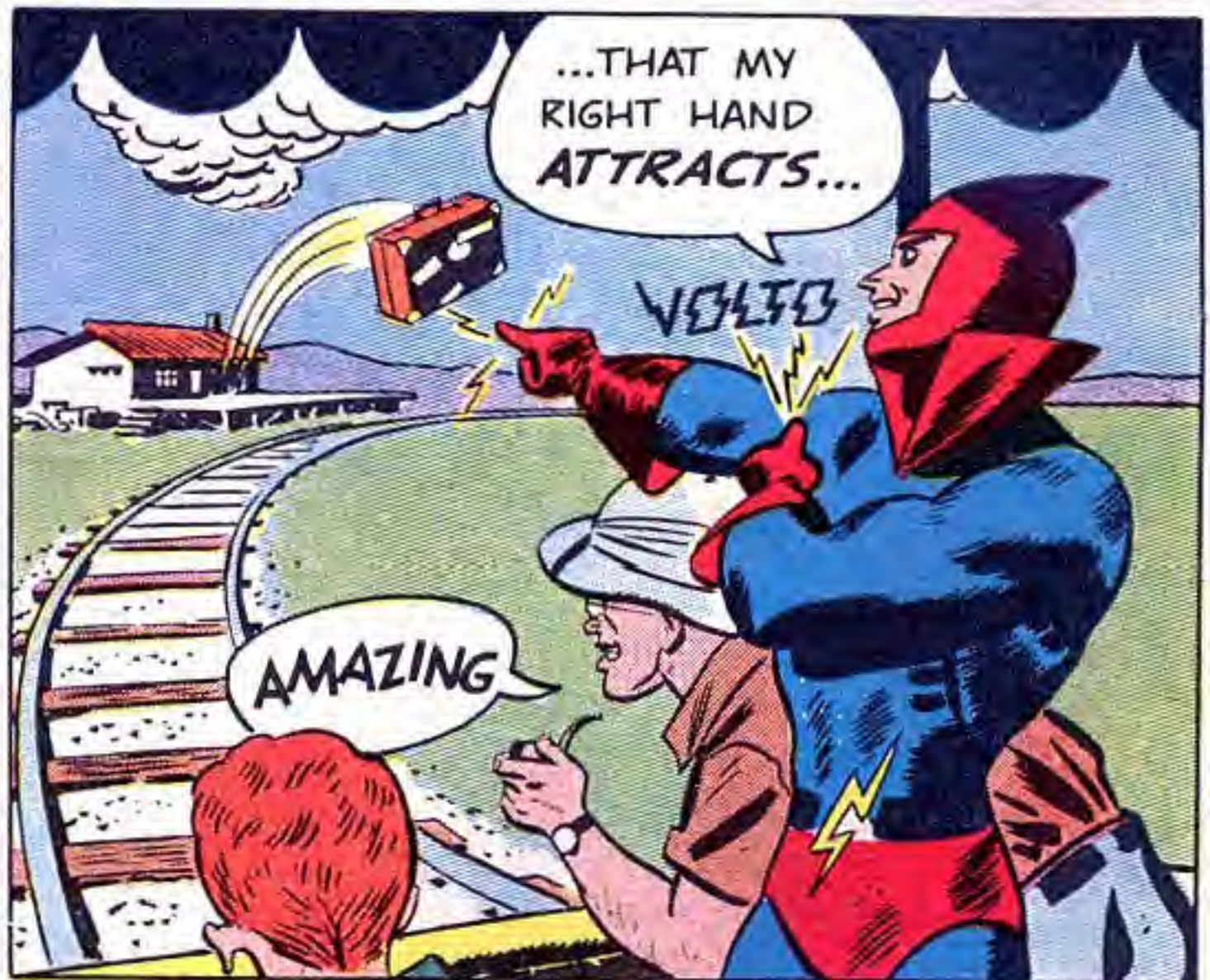
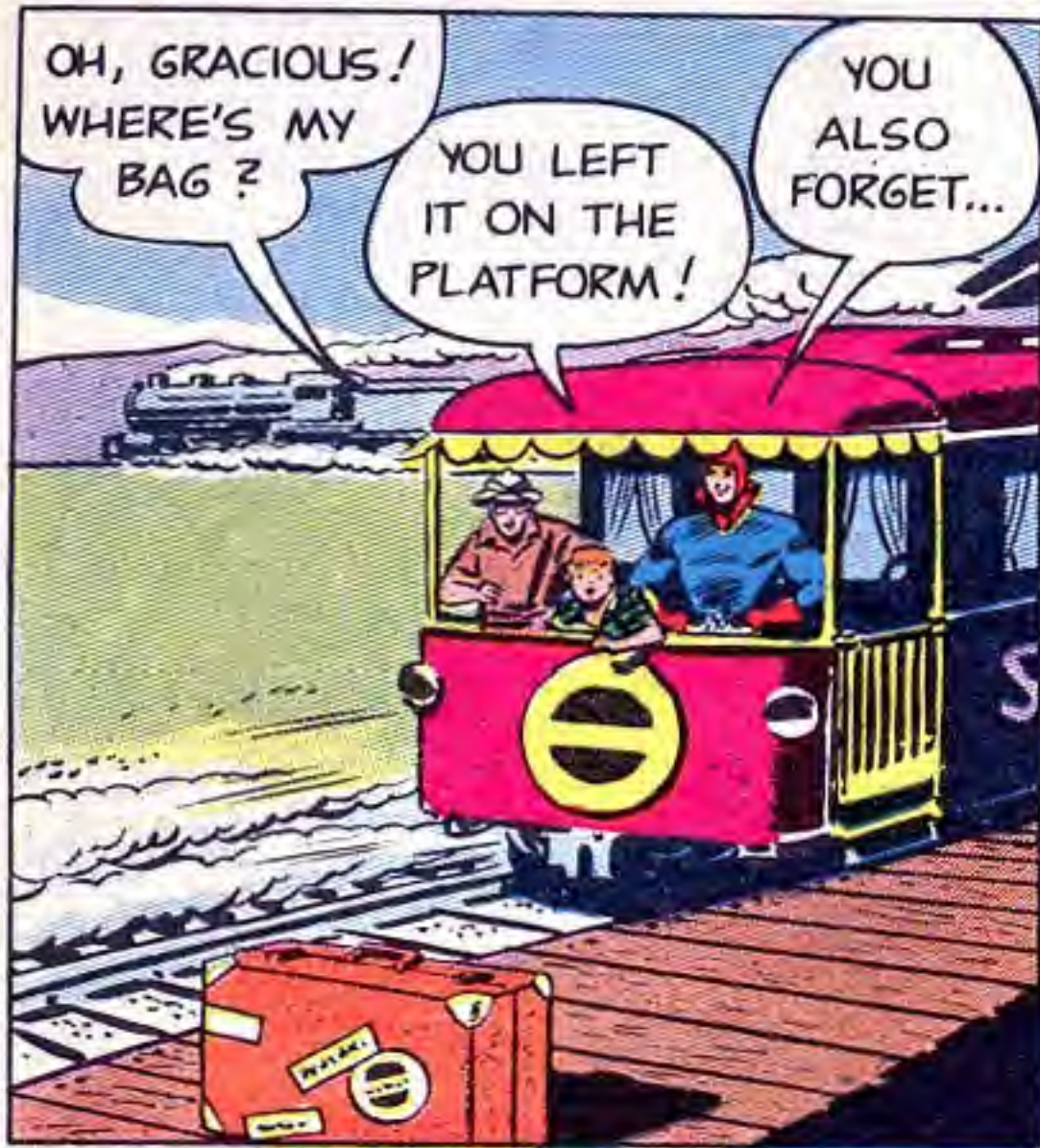
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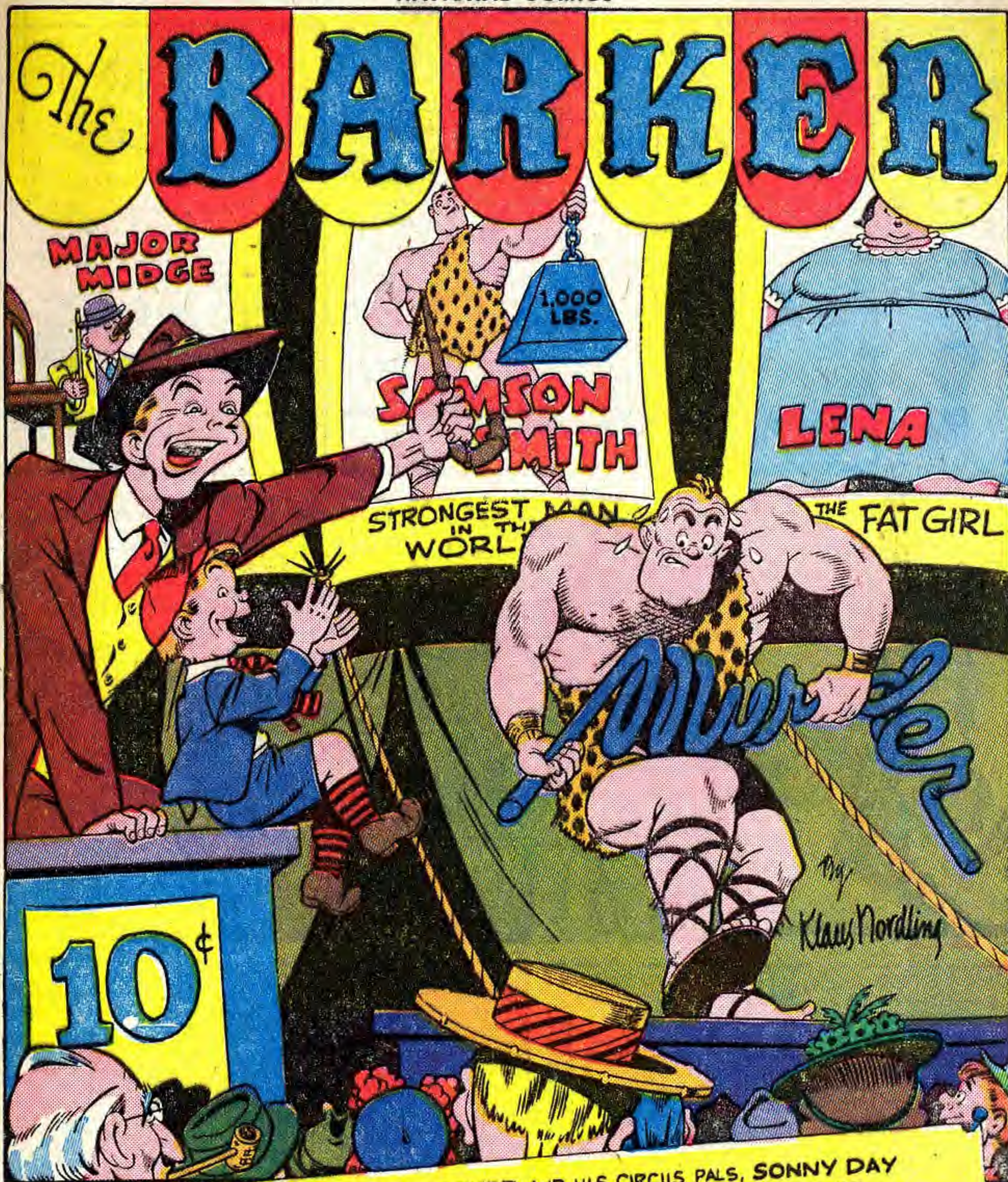


The
BARKER
discovers
MURDER
is
No Joke!

- JACK COLE -

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**





TO CARNIE CALAHAN, THE BARKER, AND HIS CIRCUS PALS, SONNY DAY WAS JUST A CUTE KID WITH A WILD IMAGINATION!... HIS STORY OF MAD MEN AND MONSTERS, GUNSELS AND GANGSTERS, SEEMED LIKE A CLEVER TRICK TO WANGLE A FREE PASS TO THE SIDE SHOW! SO THEY ALL LAUGHED BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THEY DISCOVERED THAT **MURDER** WAS NO LAUGHING MATTER!

WHAT?

Tears
in the
midst
of
CIRCUS
gaiety

?

SNIF!
GOTTA
HIDE
SOMEWHERE
WHERE THEY
CAN'T FIND
ME!

SEE SHALI, THE SNAKE-
CHARMER! THE DAINTY
LITTLE LADY WITH THE
CAPTIVATING RHYTHM...



M-MAYBE
IN H-HERE
SOME-
WHERE...



WHATCHA
GOT,
CARNIE?

A BANDIT, I
THINK!...PROBABLY
ONE OF DESPERATE
DALTON'S
GUNMEN!



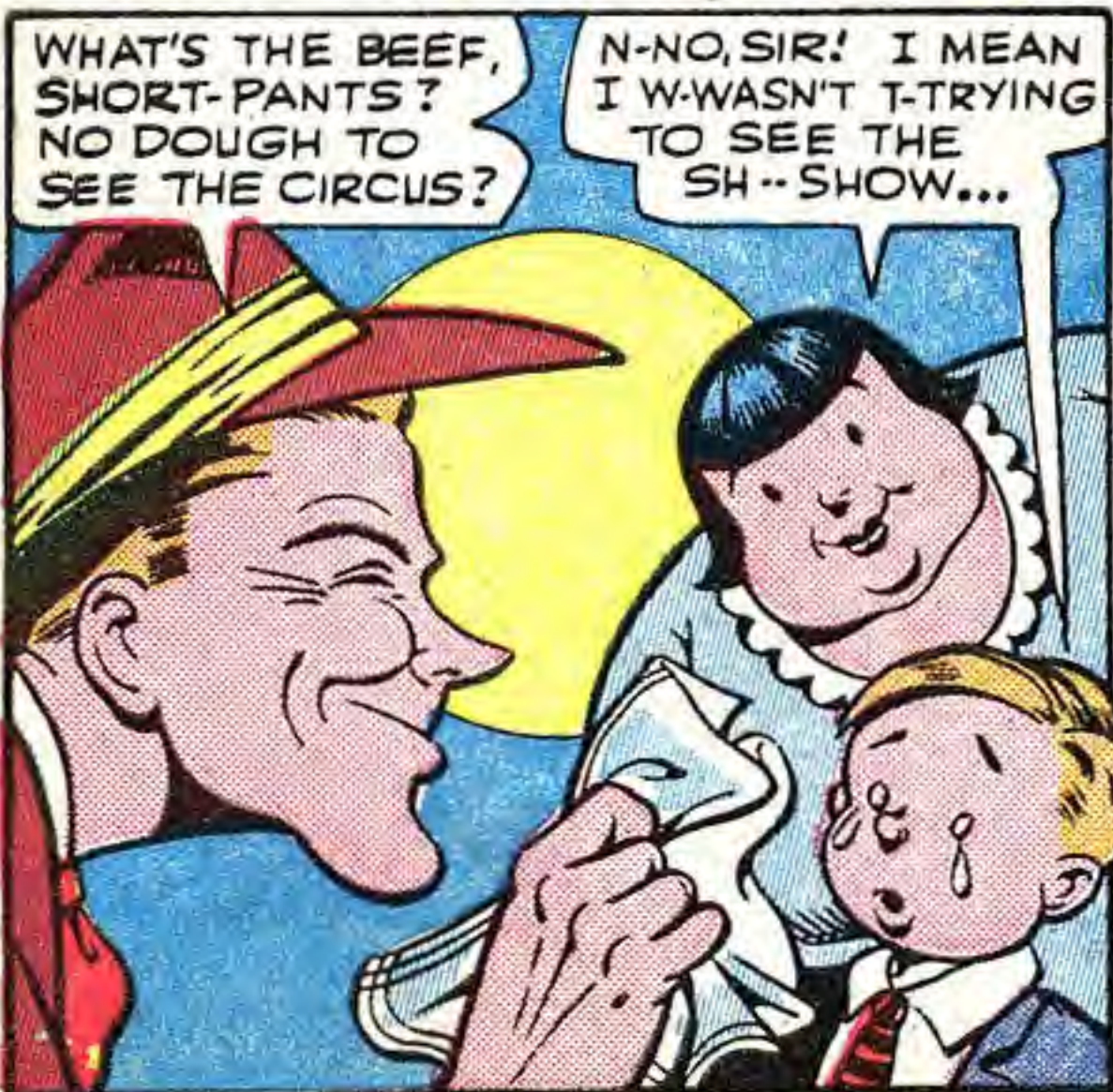
TURN OFF THE
WATER-WORKS, SON!
WE'VE PRACTICALLY
ABOLISHED THE
ELECTRIC-CHAIR
FOR TENT-
CRASHERS!

CARNIE CALAHAN!
YOU BRUTE!
YOU'RE
SCARING HIM
TO DEATH! THE
POOR LITTLE
TYKE!

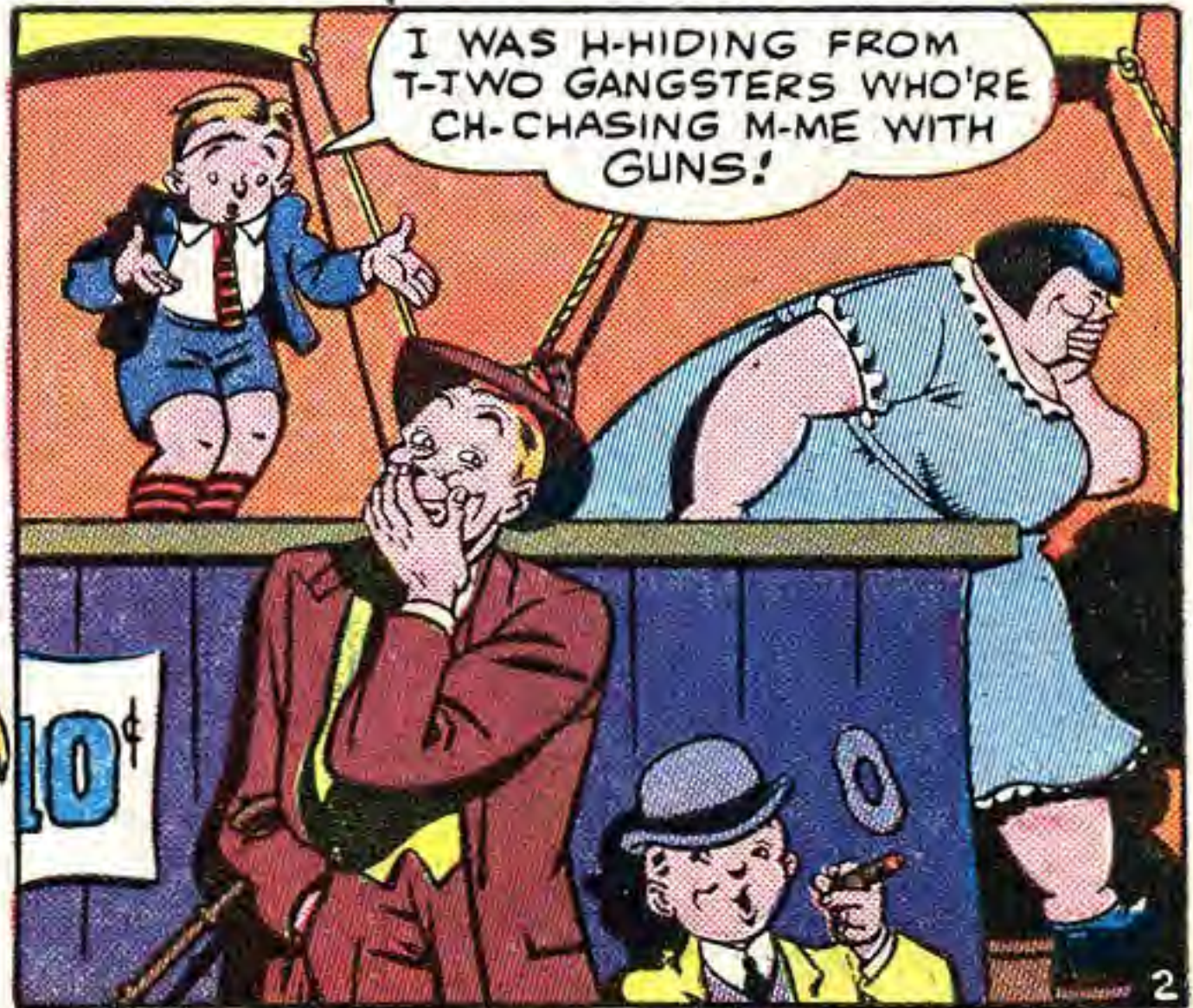


WHAT'S THE BEEF,
SHORT-PANTS?
NO DOUGH TO
SEE THE CIRCUS?

N-NO, SIR! I MEAN
I W-WASN'T T-TRYING
TO SEE THE
SH--SHOW...



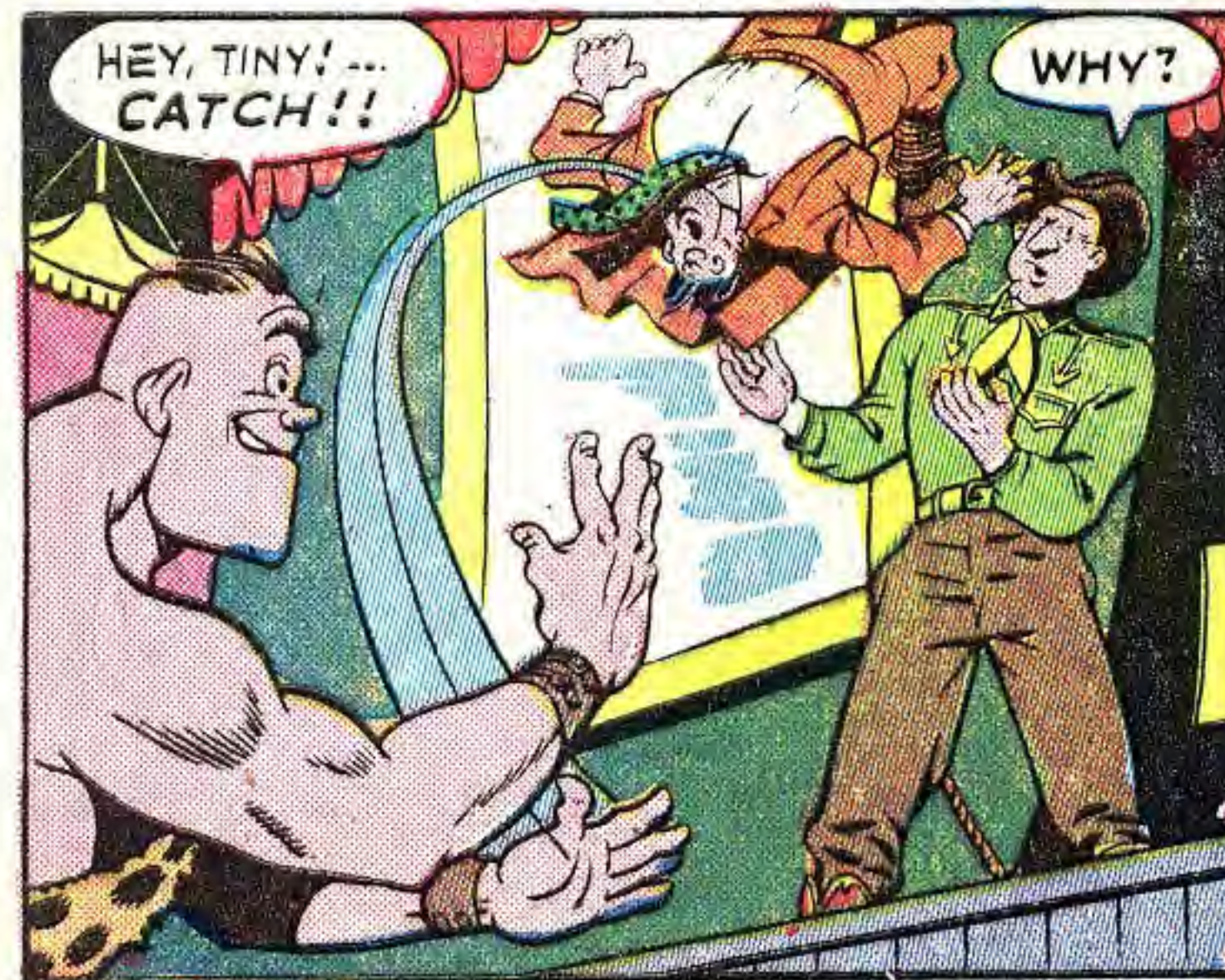
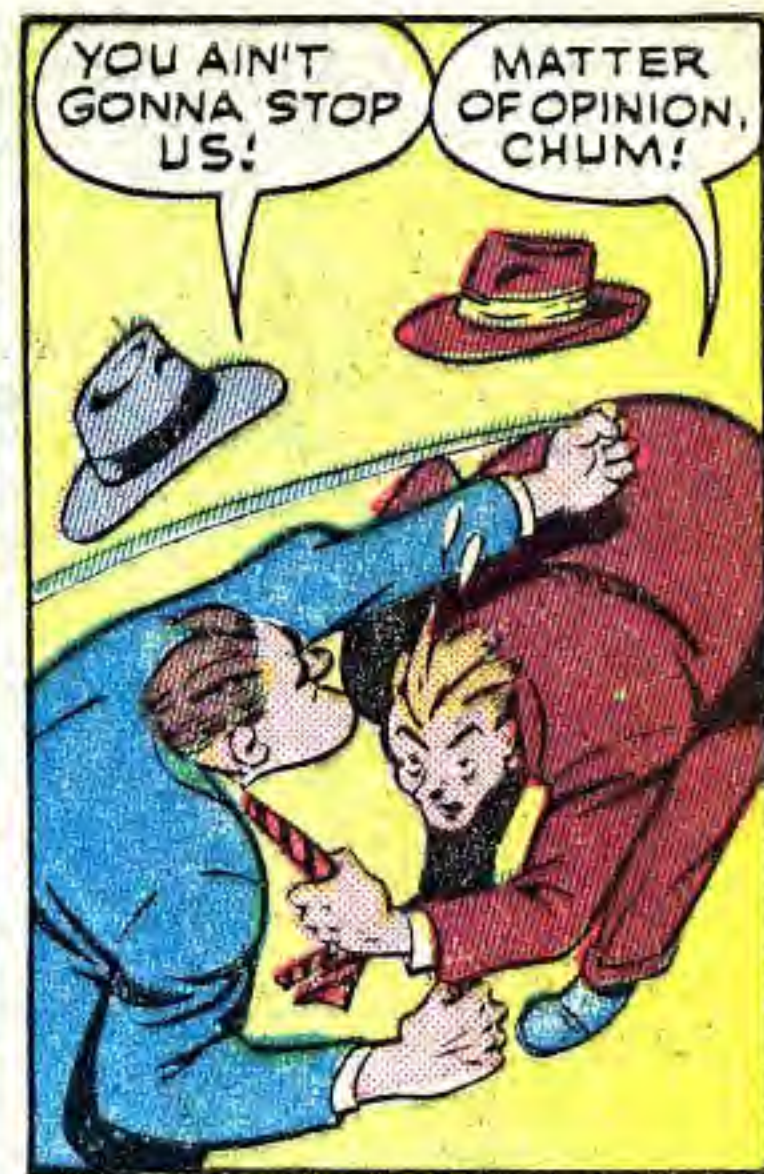
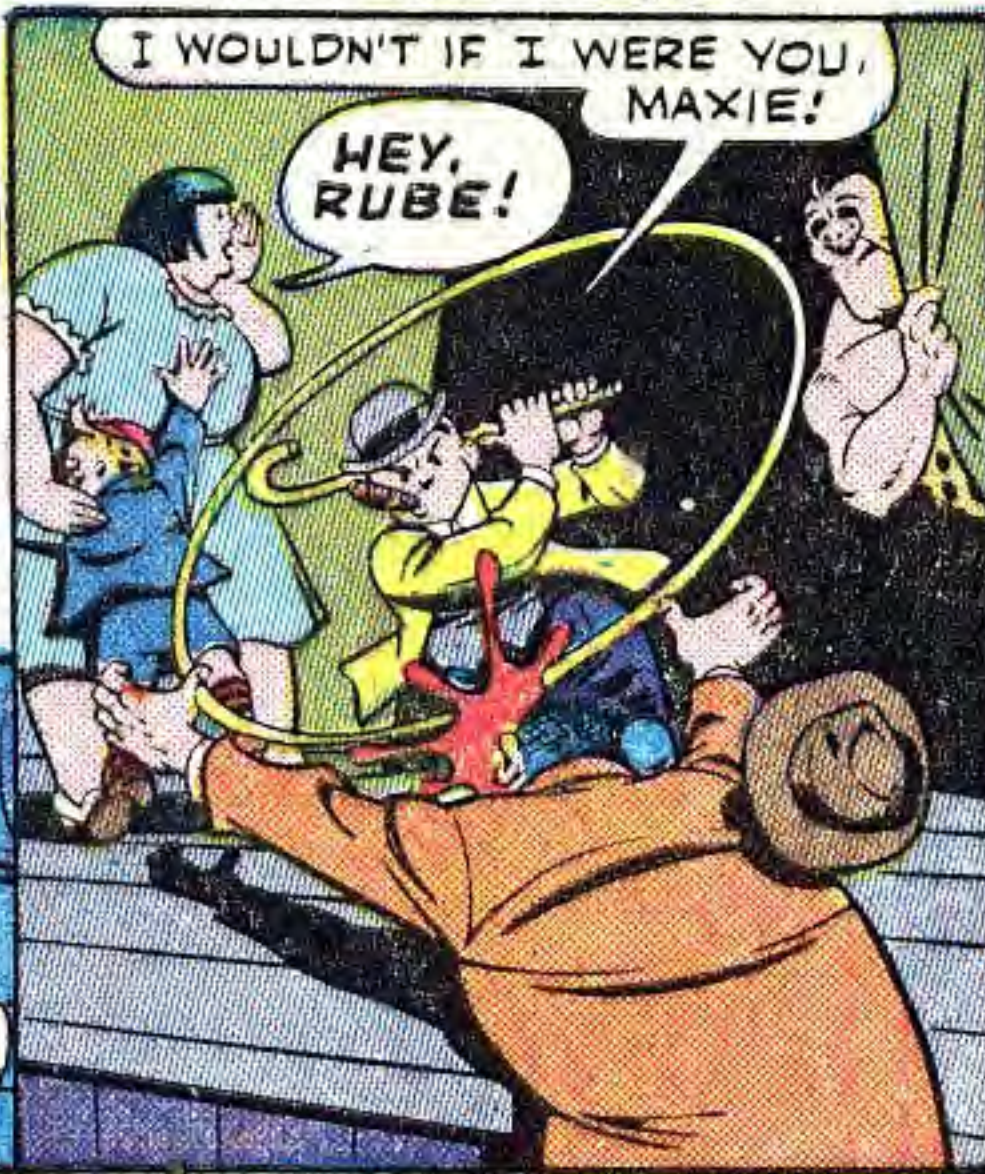
I WAS H-HIDING FROM
T-TWO GANGSTERS WHO'RE
CH-CHASING M-ME WITH
GUNS!

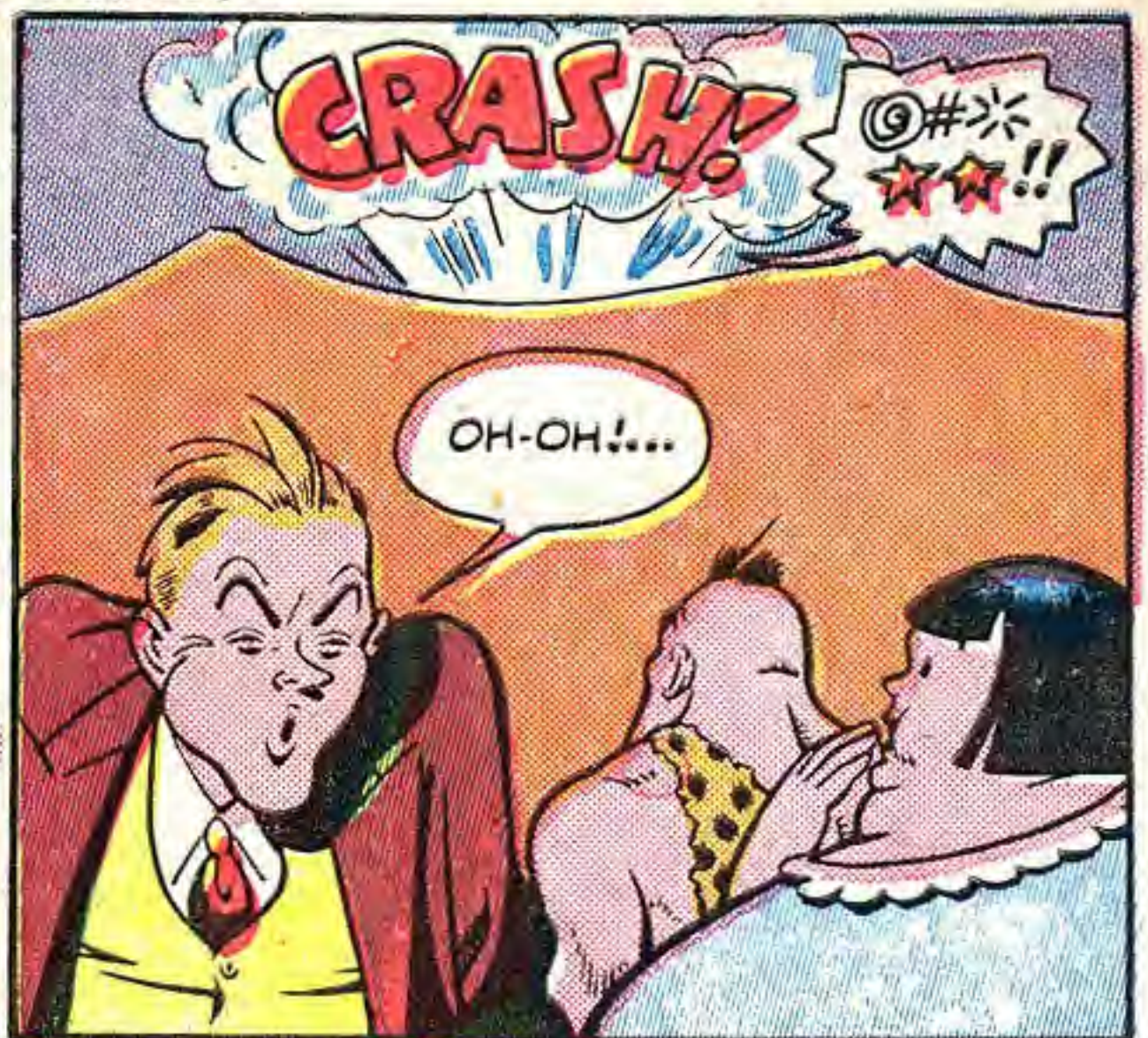
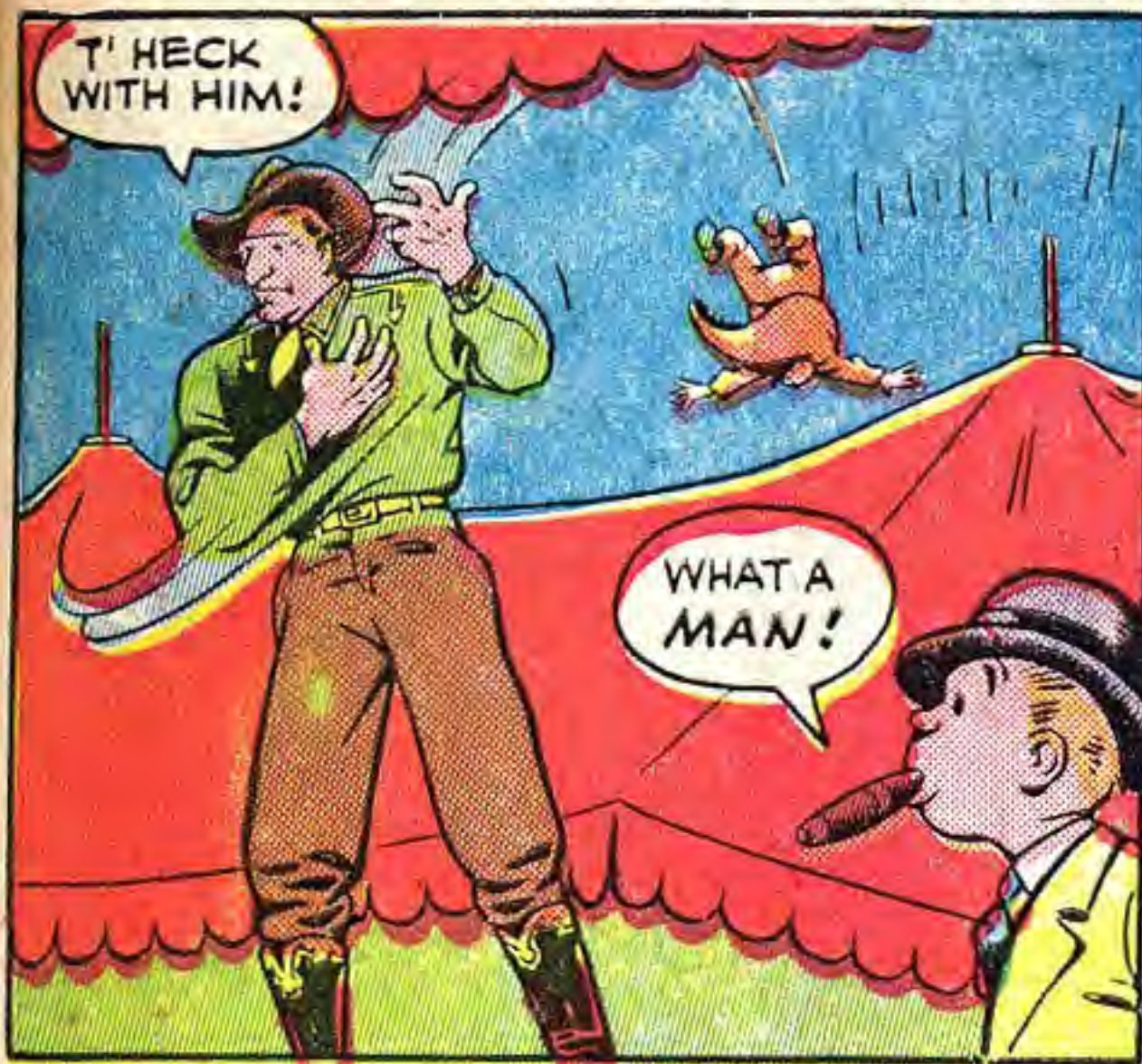




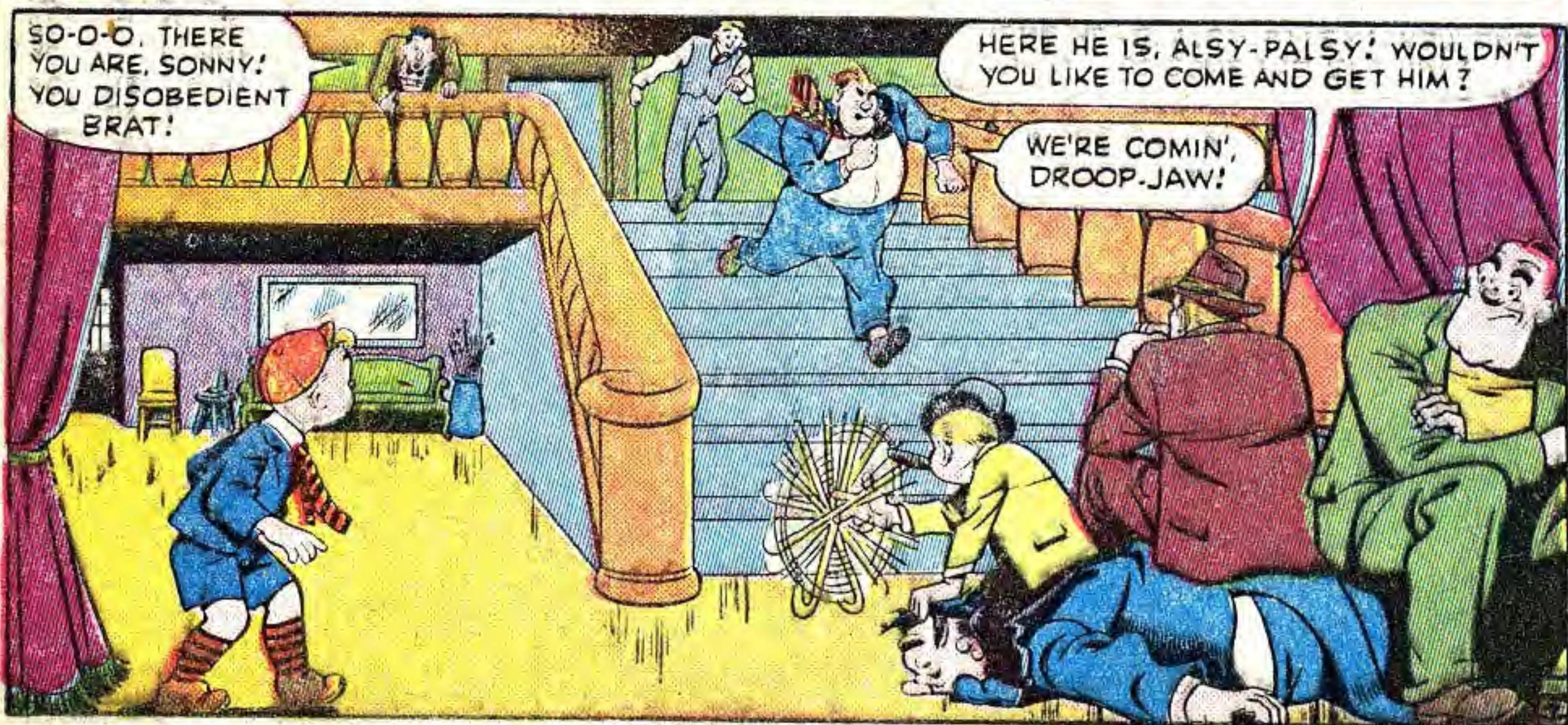
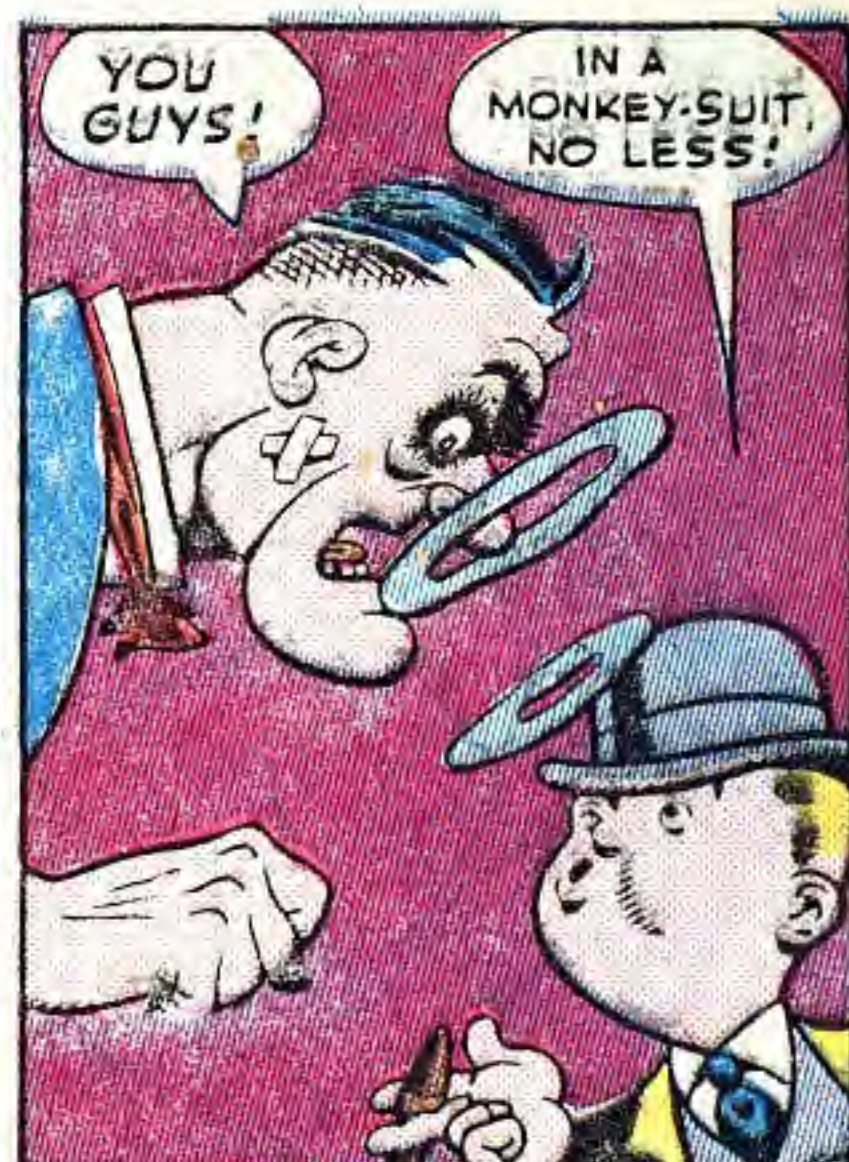
MAYBE WE HAD SONNY DOPED WRONG, FRIEND! IF UNCLE AL'S SO WORRIED, WHY DOESN'T HE COME HIMSELF INSTEAD OF SENDING TWO GORILLAS?

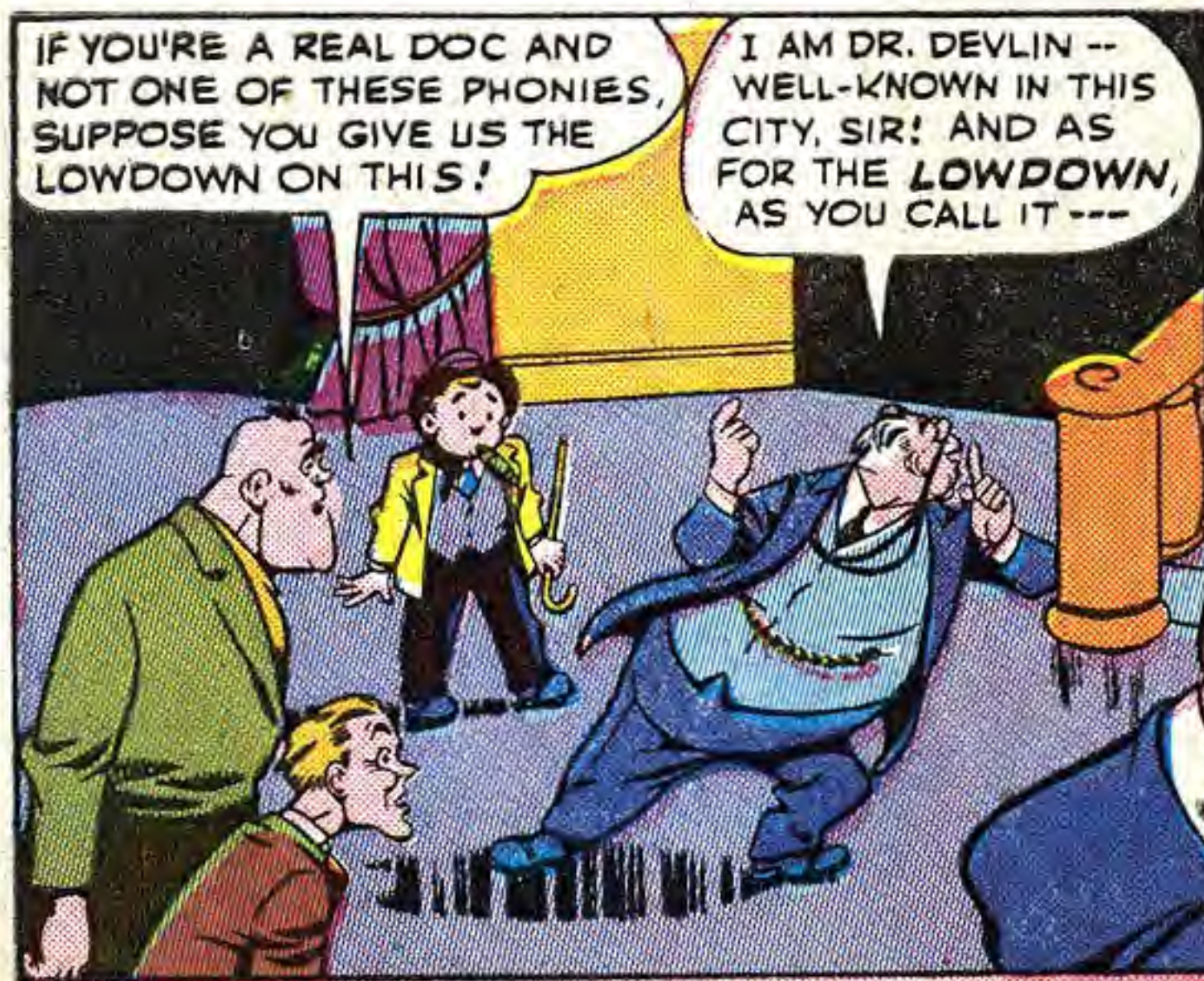
AL SENT US FER THE KID AND WE'RE TAKIN' HIM! GRAB HIM, MAXIE!

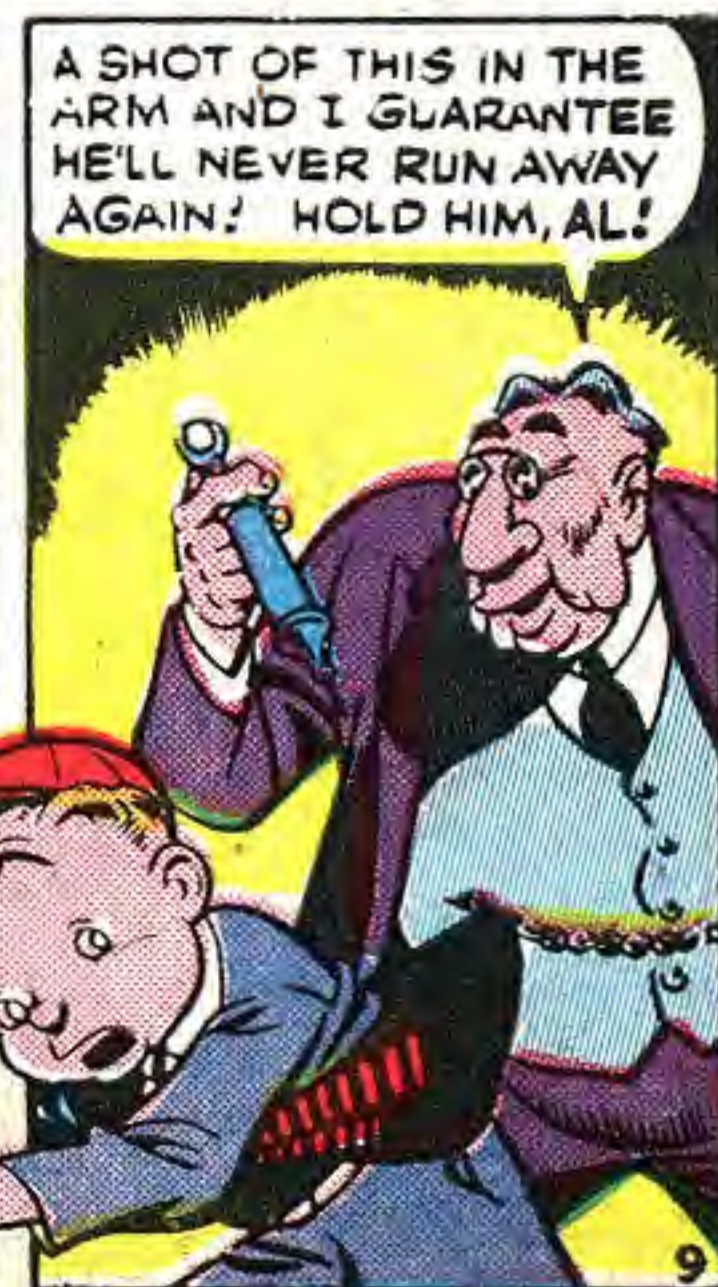
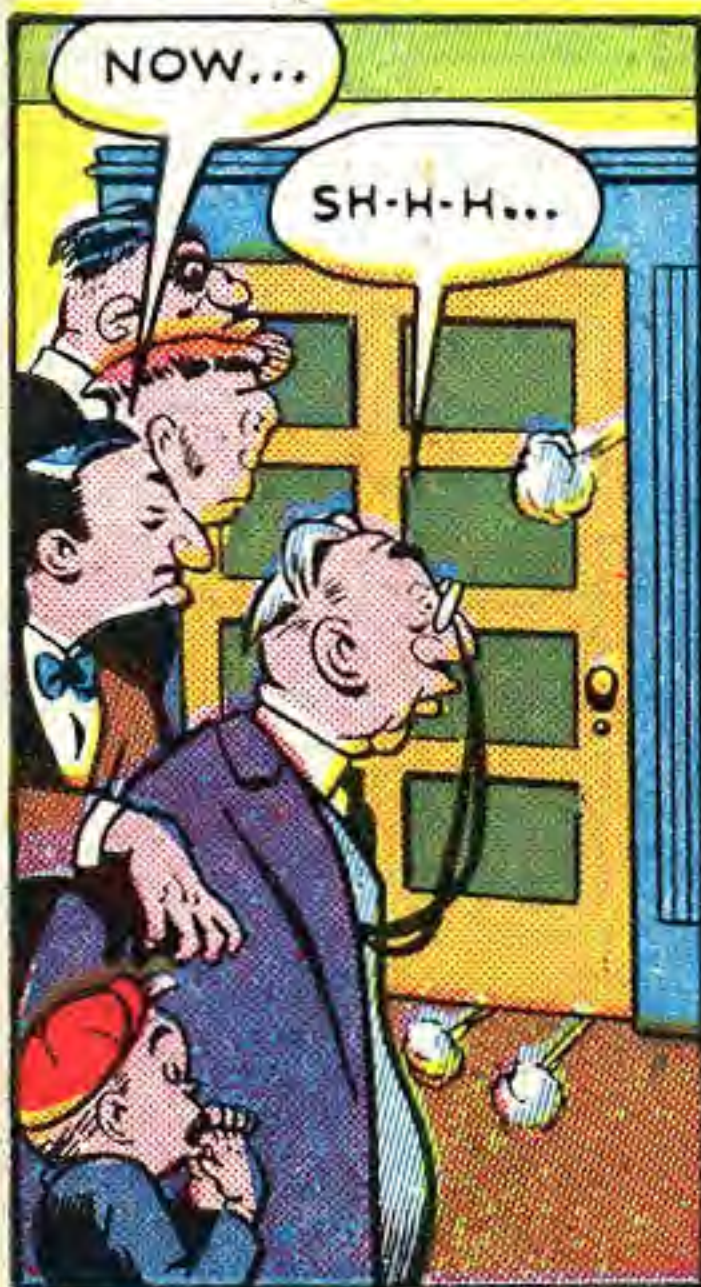
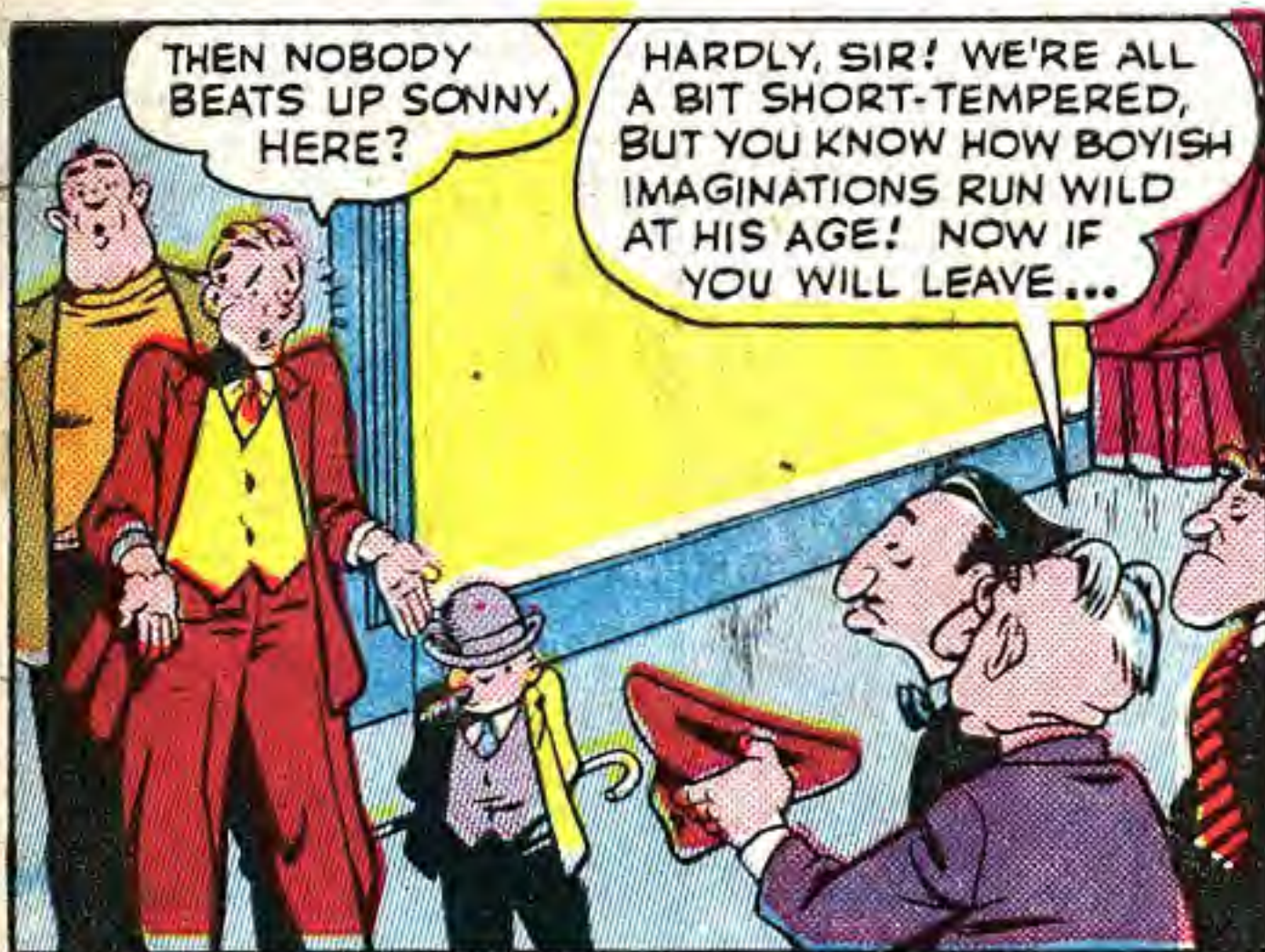


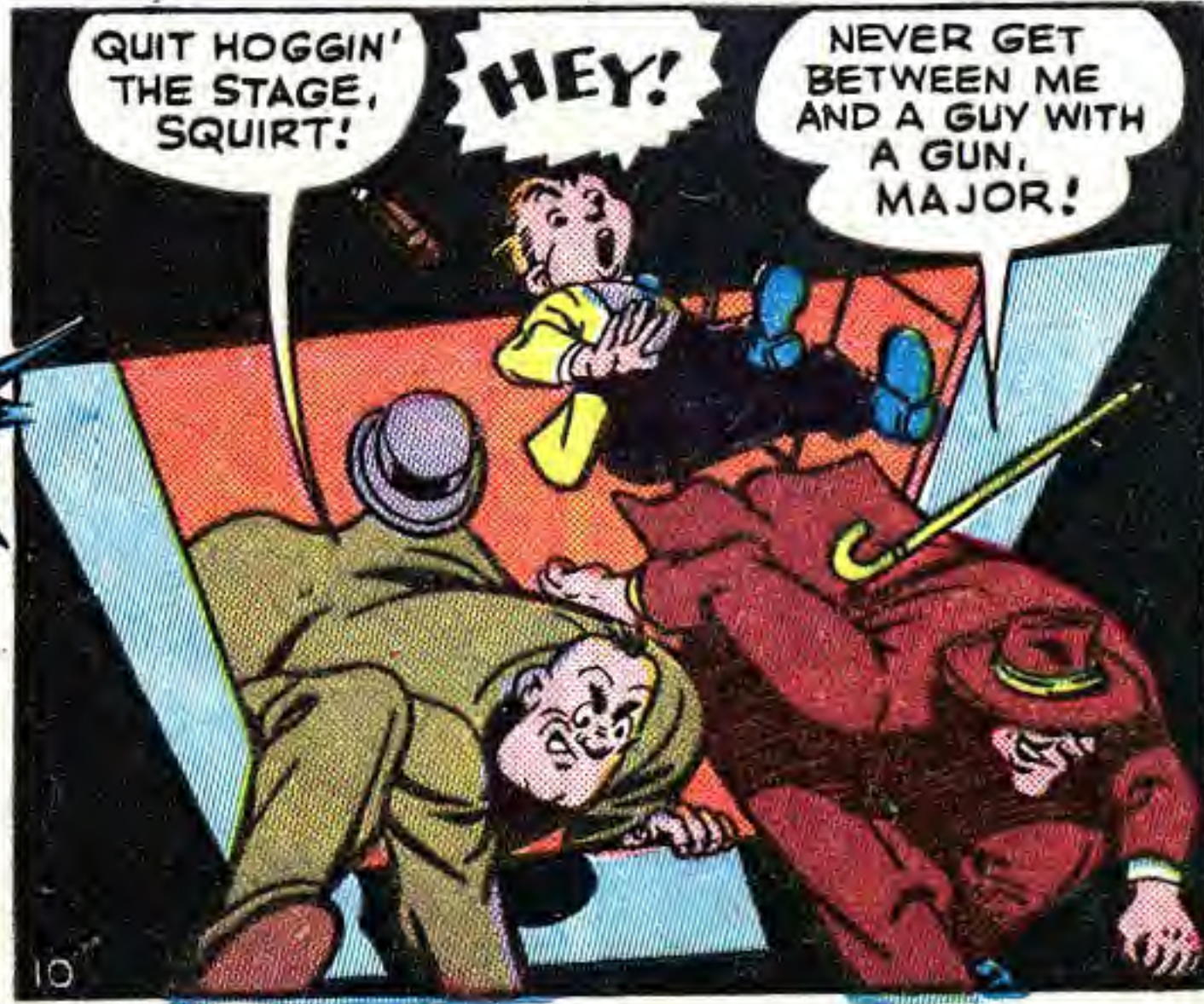
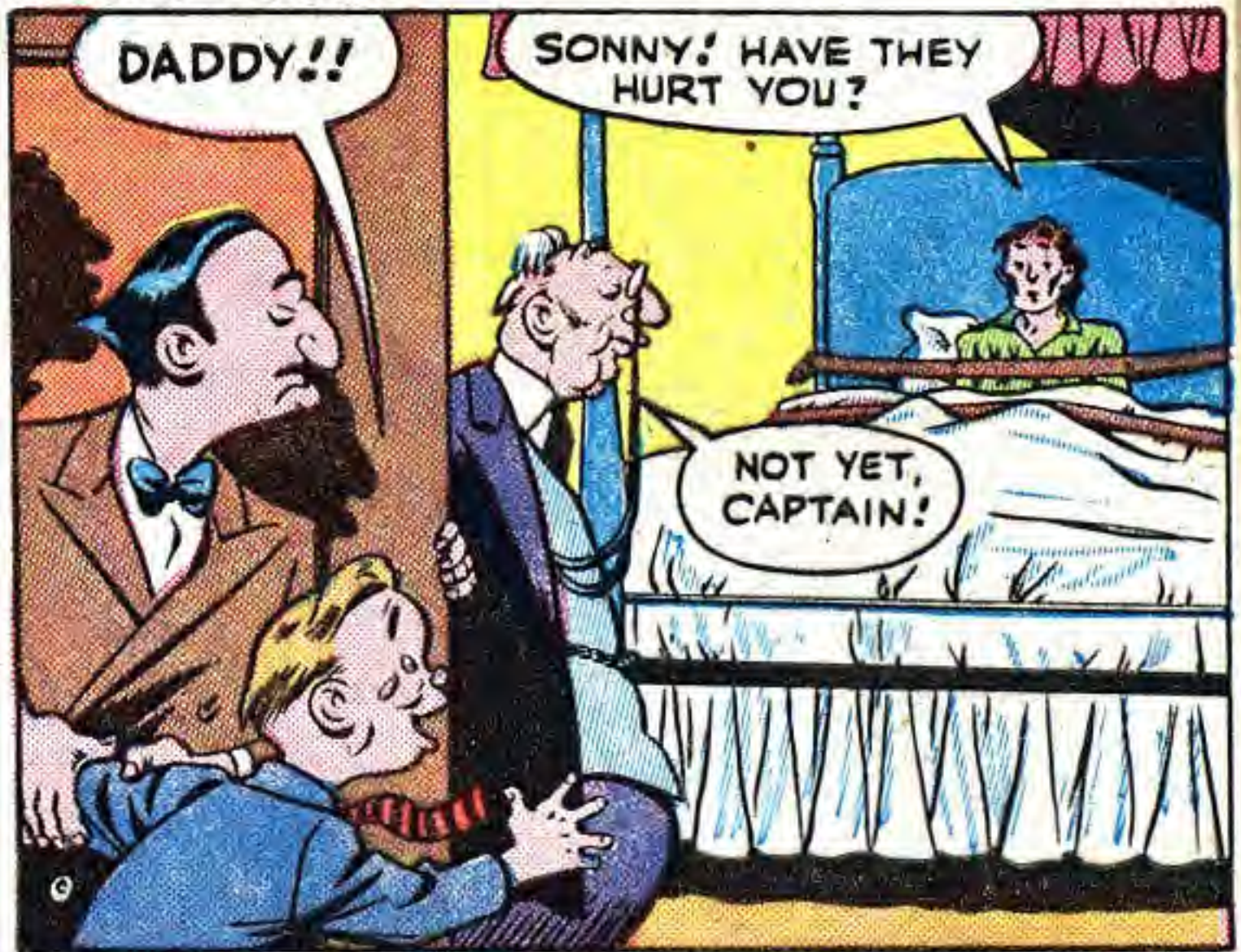










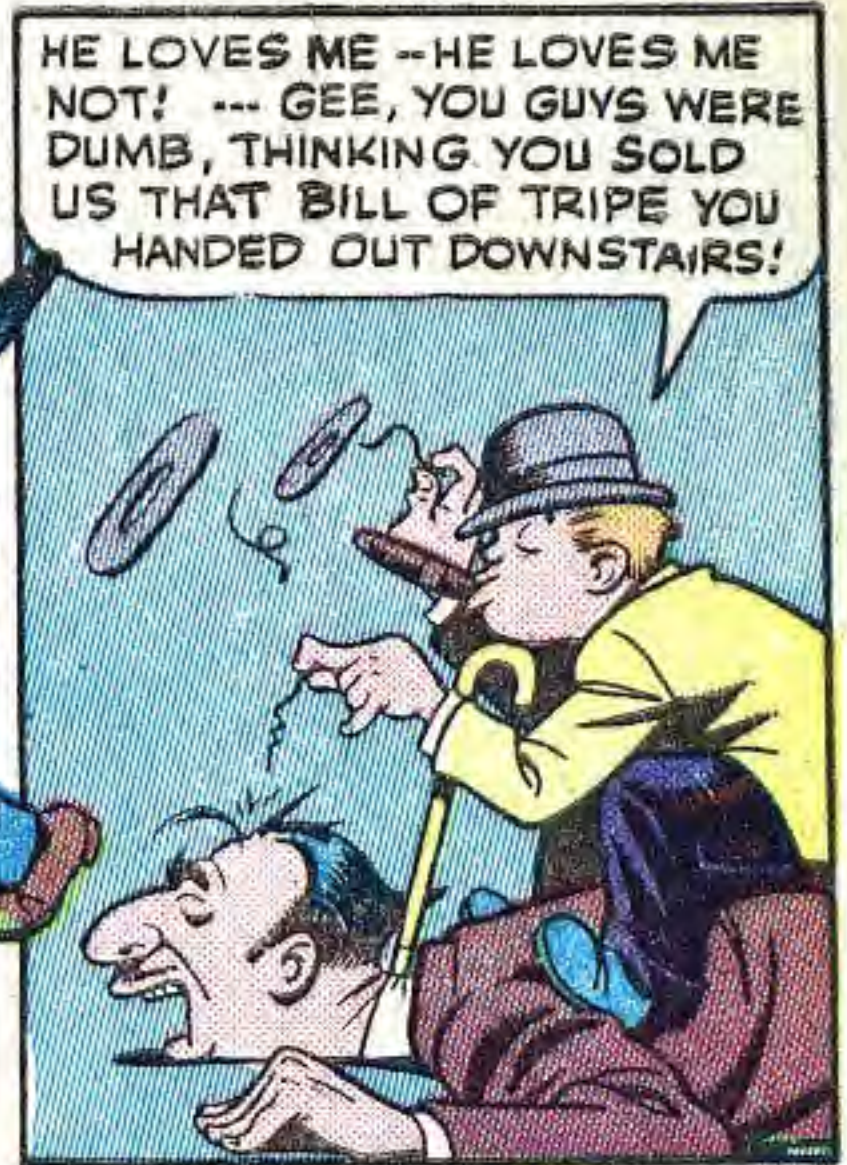




THIS IS A LONG-AWAITED PLEASURE, MY DEAR DOCTOR!



THIS TIME YOU EGGS ARE GONNA **STAY DOWN!**



HE LOVES ME --HE LOVES ME NOT! --- GEE, YOU GUYS WERE DUMB, THINKING YOU SOLD US THAT BILL OF TRIPE YOU HANDED OUT DOWNSTAIRS!



FINE WORK, SIR -- AND SONNY'S BEEN TELLING ME THE REST! HOW DID YOU GUESS DR. DEVLIN WAS LYING?

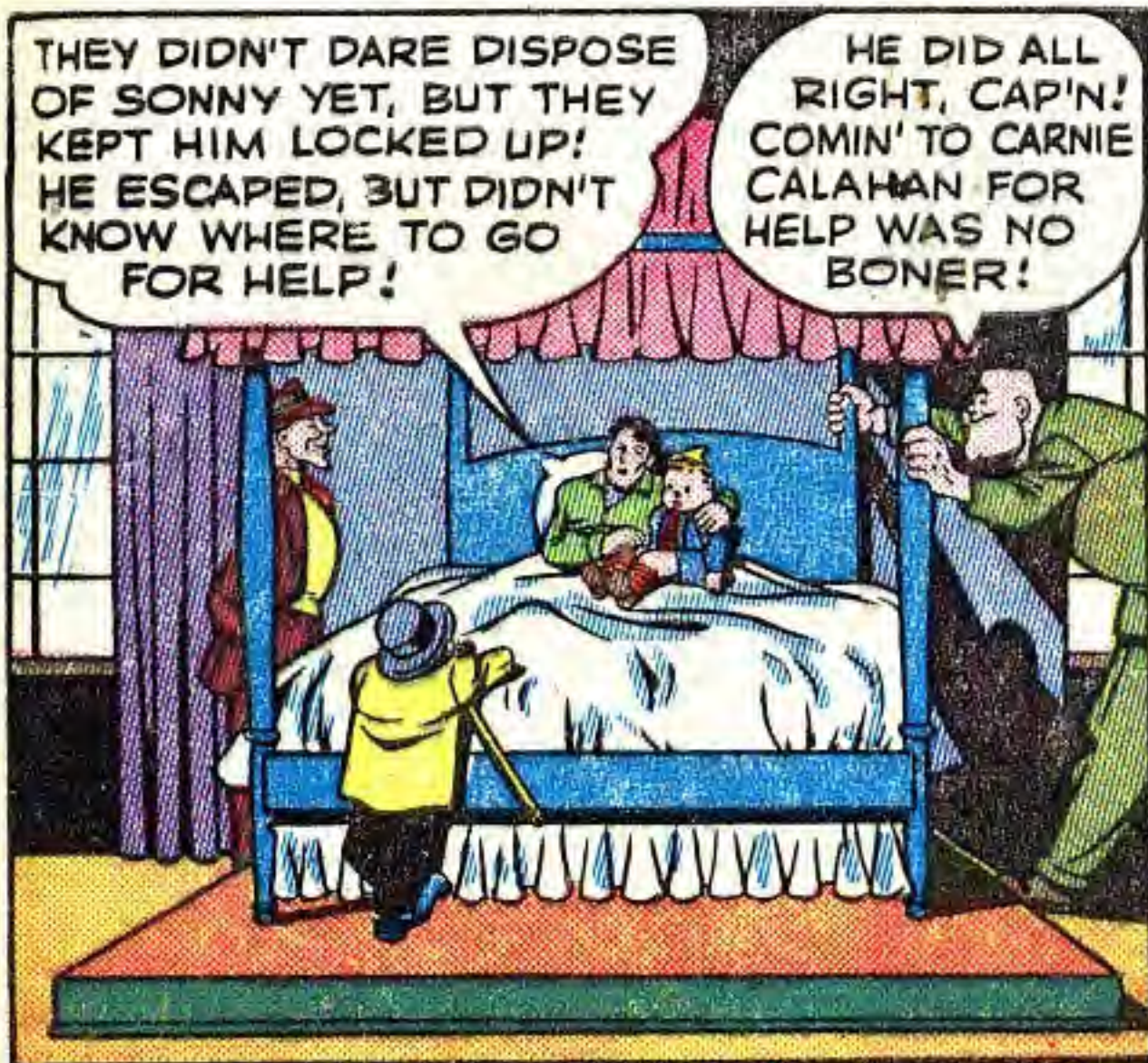


I CAN TELL YOU THAT, CAP'N... HE TRIED TO MAKE CARNIE BELIEVE SONNY WAS LYING! WHEN CARNIE CALAHAN ACCEPTS A FRIEND, HE TRUSTS HIM THE **WHOLE WAY!**



AL AND DOC WANTED CONTROL OF MY ESTATE! SO WHEN I CAME HOME, WOUNDED, THEY SET OUT EITHER TO KILL ME OR DRIVE ME INSANE!...

THE LUGS! WISH THEY'D WAKE UP SO WE COULD START OVER!



THEY DIDN'T DARE DISPOSE OF SONNY YET, BUT THEY KEPT HIM LOCKED UP! HE ESCAPED, BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO GO FOR HELP!

HE DID ALL RIGHT, CAP'N! COMIN' TO CARNIE CALAHAN FOR HELP WAS NO BONER!



WHEN THE WAR'S WON AND WE'RE MAKING PRIVATE PLANES AGAIN -- I'M GOING TO MAKE **COLONEL LANE'S CIRCUS** THE FIRST **FLYING CIRCUS!** -- WITH A FLEET OF ITS OWN PLANES!

G-G-GOSH!!

Sally O'NEIL

"SING ME A TORCH SONG!"
CRIED THE INHUMAN VOICE...
AND ONE AFTER ANOTHER
THE BRIGHTEST STARS OF
THE CITY'S NIGHT CLUB
TRAIL SANG THEIR TORCH
SONGS AND DIED -- EACH
A FLAMING TORCH HERSELF!

IT TOOK
POLICEWOMAN
SALLY O'NEIL,
COOPERATING
WITH THE CITY
FIRE MARSHAL,
TO TRACK
DOWN THE
MANIACAL
TORCH KILLER
WHOSE
FIENDISH HOBBY
WAS FILLING
THE MORGUE
WITH SCORCHED
AND BLACKENED
CORPSES!



NOW FOR A GOOD
BOOK, A BOX OF
CANDY AND ---
OH, DARN! THAT
TELEPHONE!...

EVEN A BUSY POLICEWOMAN
MUST HAVE HER NIGHT
OFF OCCASIONALLY...

HO-HMMM! BEING A
POLICEWOMAN IS EXCITING--
BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
AN EVENING AT HOME
ONCE IN A WHILE!

I WON'T NEED
THIS FOR A FEW
HOURS!







WHAT DO YOU MEAN?...
TORCH SONG -- NIGHT
FLAME -- CIGARET --
THERE'S NO
SENSE TO IT!

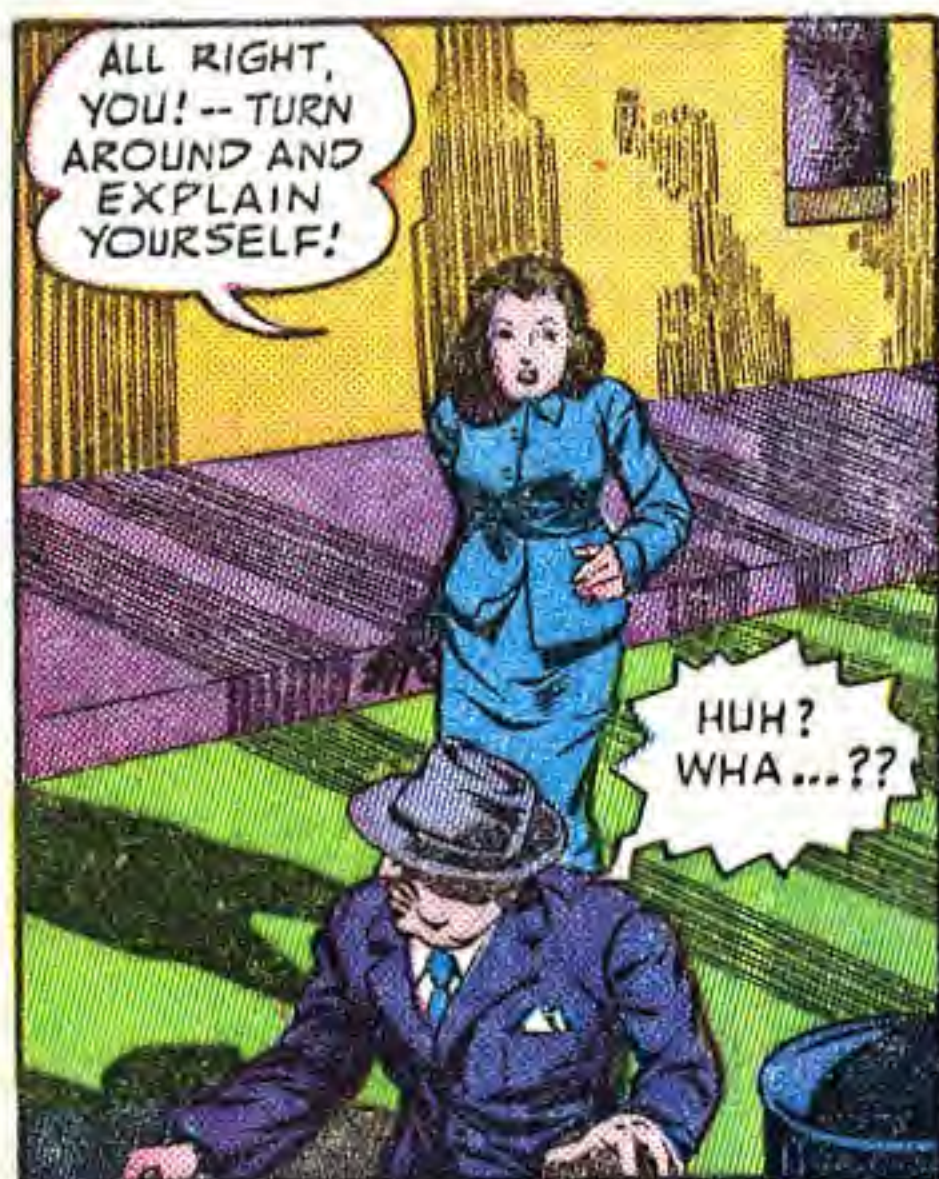
THAT'S WHAT
MAKES IT
IMPORTANT!
SHE WAS TRYING
TO GIVE US THE
KEY INFORMATION
QUICKLY! I'M SURE
IT DOES MAKE
SENSE --- SOMEHOW!



LET'S SEE -- THE
STAR OF THE FLOOR
SHOW WAS THE TORCH
SINGER, NINA NORD,
AND THE FIRE
STARTED IN HER
DRESSING ROOM!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND
THAT "NIGHT FLAME"!...
IS IT A SONG OR --- OH-OH!
SOMEONE'S SNEAKING
AROUND NEAR THE
FIRE!



ALL RIGHT,
YOU! -- TURN
AROUND AND
EXPLAIN
YOURSELF!

HUH?
WHA...??



GOT TO
GET AWAY!

HEY!



ROUGH-HOUSING
IS A GAME I PLAY
RATHER WELL,
MISTER!

OHH-H!



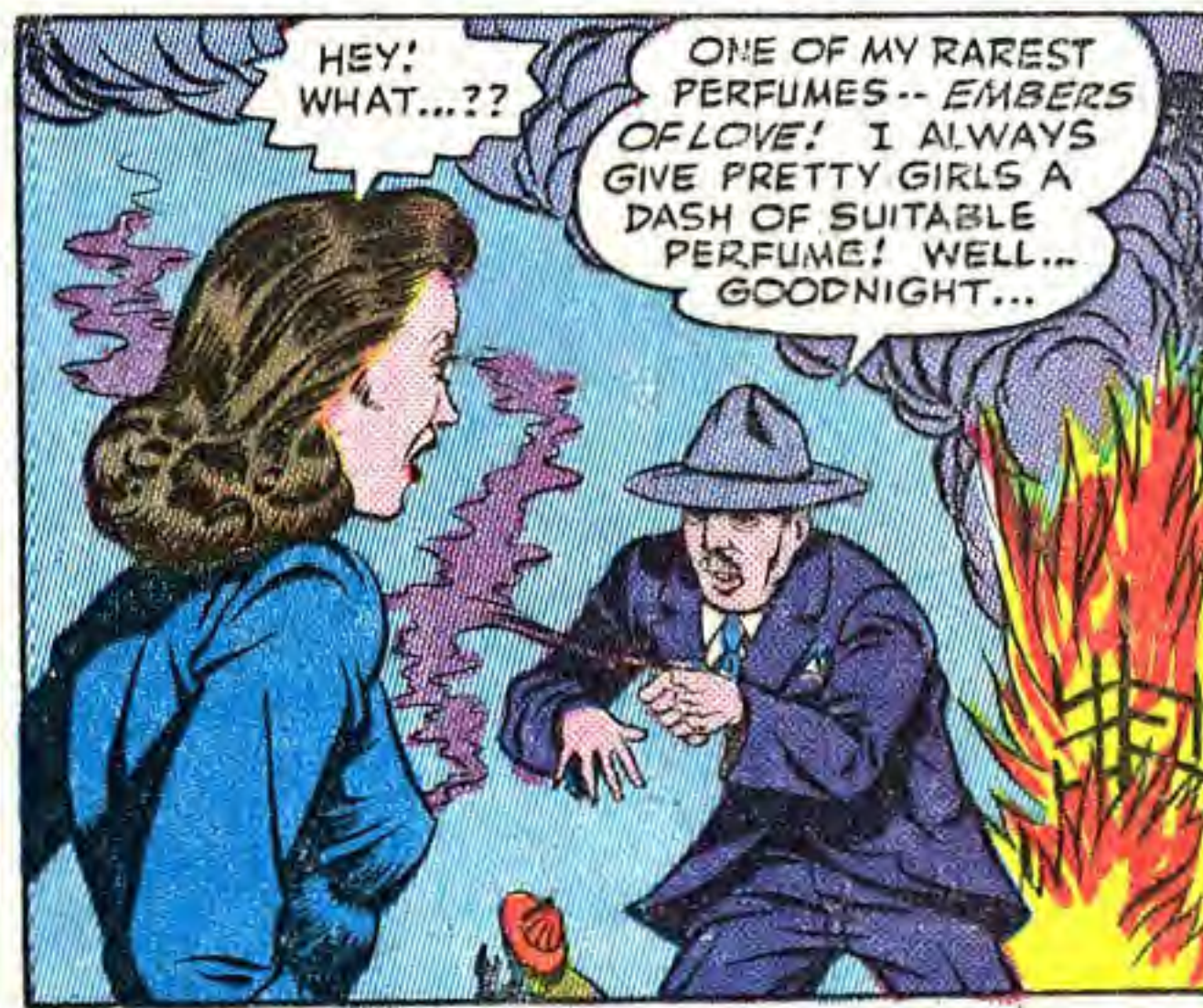
THIS SHOULD STEADY
YOUR NERVES SO YOU
CAN TALK EASIER!

AGH-HH!

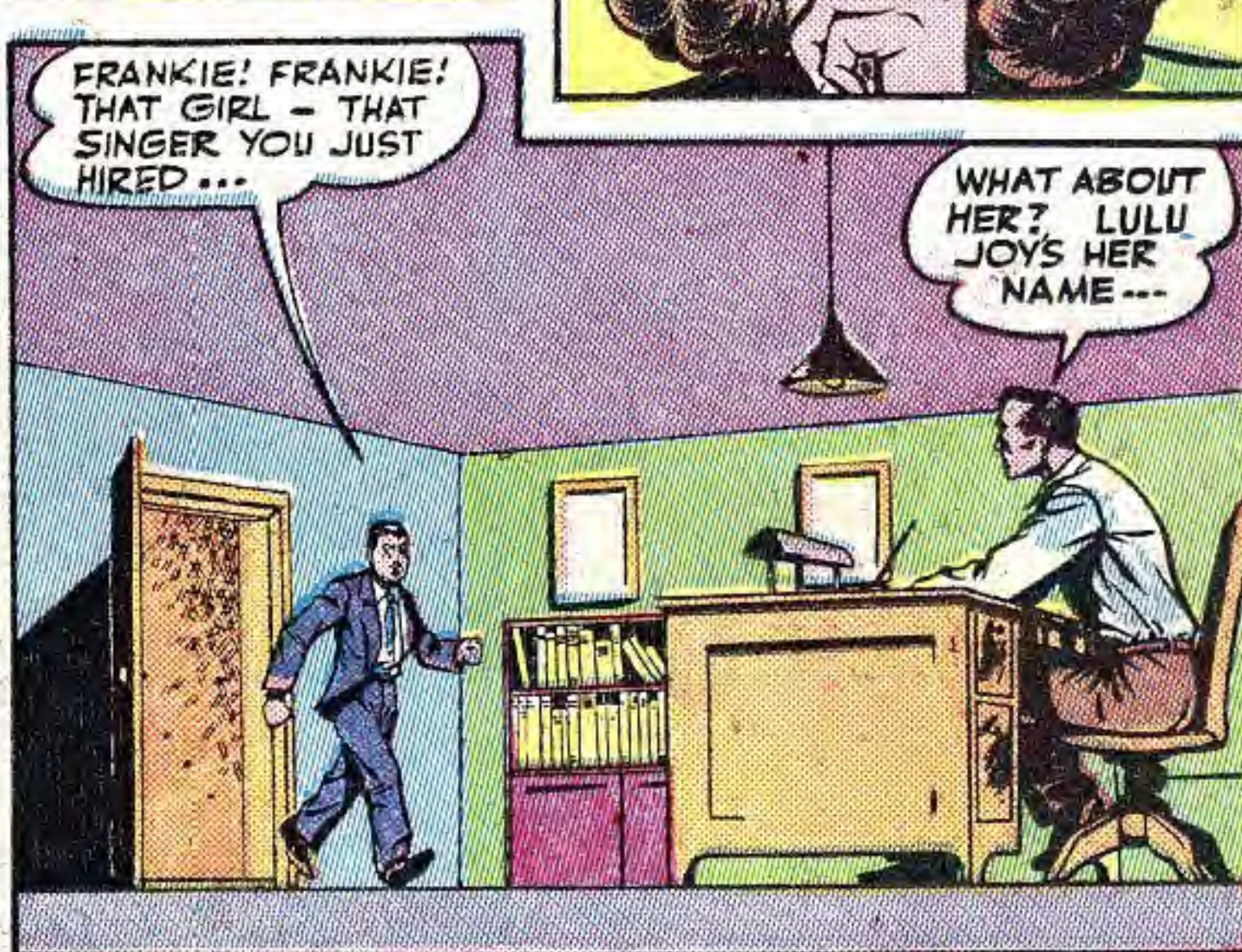


MARSHAL BATES -- I CAUGHT
THIS SKULKING AROUND THE
ALLEY! MAYBE HE'S YOUR
PYROMANIAC!

OH, GOOD
GRAVY, MISS O'NEIL!
---YOU'VE MADE A
HORRIBLE
MISTAKE!

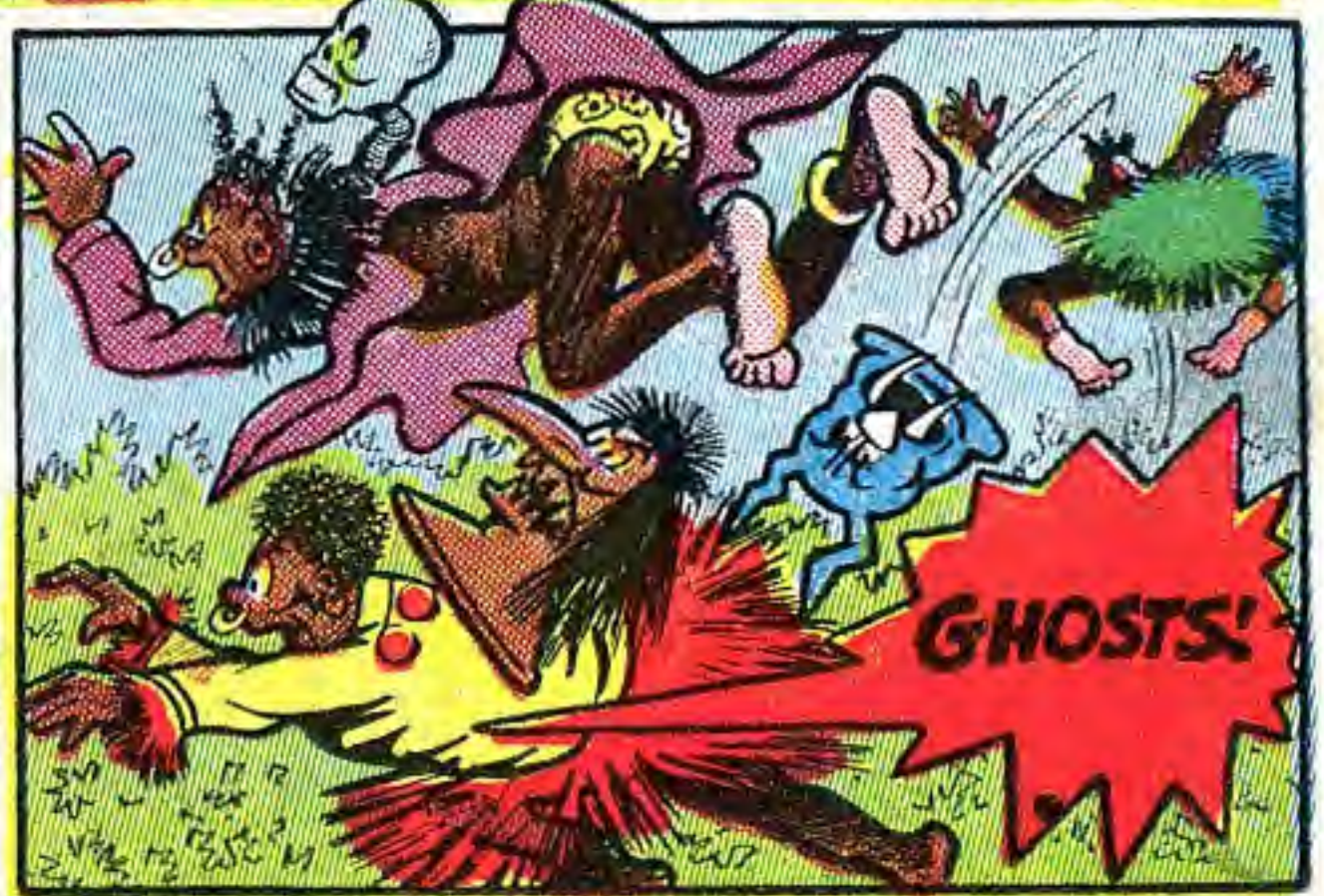












Case No. 20...
"The Vase of
Kwan-Yin"

G-2



MEET PROFESSOR JOACHIM, THE ART EXPERT! HE'LL WORK WITH YOU, CAPTAIN LEASH!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR!



AS WE RECONQUER THIS PART OF THE WORLD, WE ALSO RETAKE ITS TREASURES -- AXIS LEADERS WERE ALWAYS GREEDY THIEVES OF ART ---

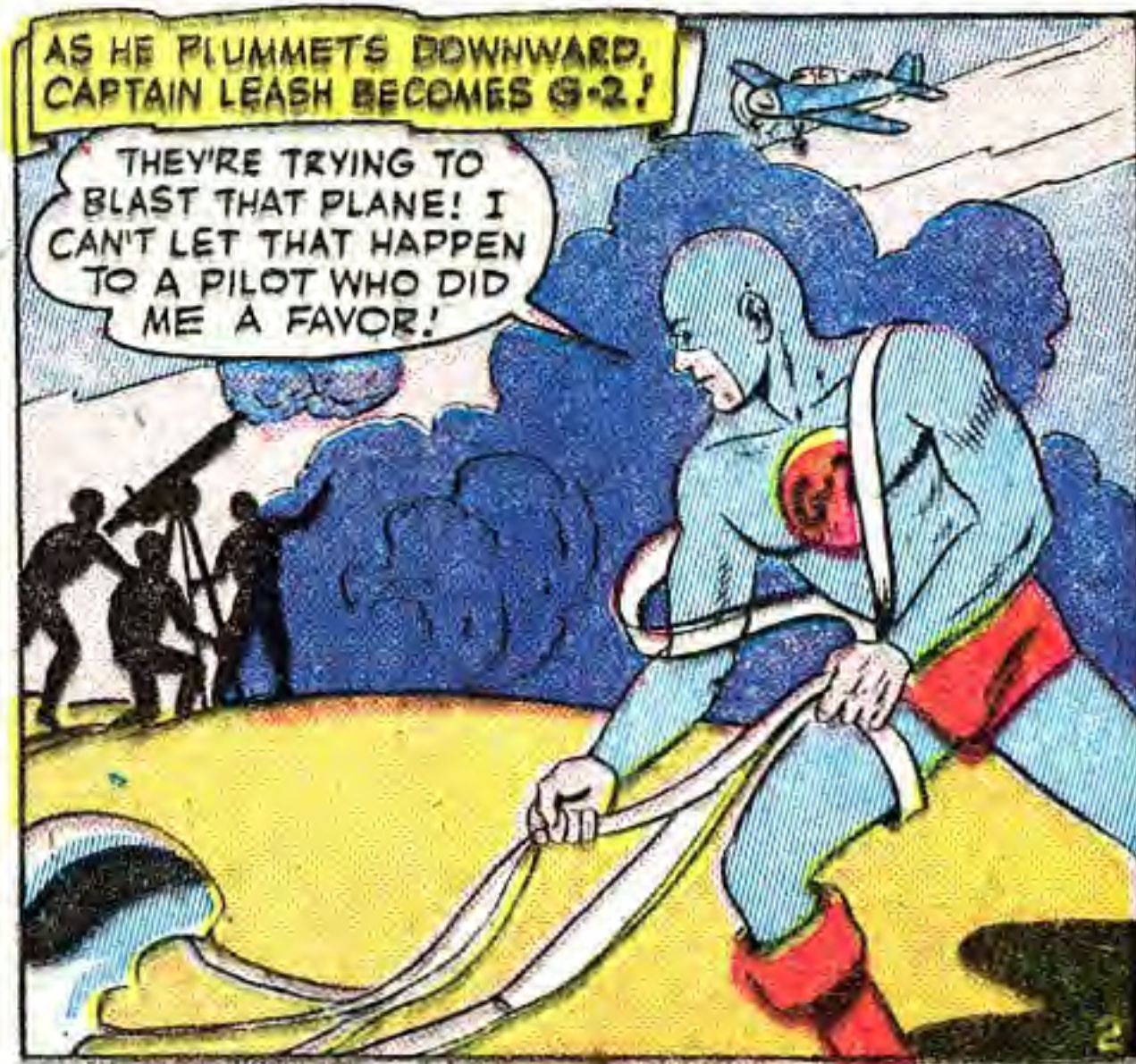
AND I AM FAMILIAR WITH THE BEST ITEMS STOLEN BY THE JAPANESE HEREBOUTS!



FOR INSTANCE, THE ALLIES NOW MOVE TO ATTACK PORT TAMBANG-- THE HOME OF THE KWAN-YIN VASE AND ITS AMAZING LEGEND!

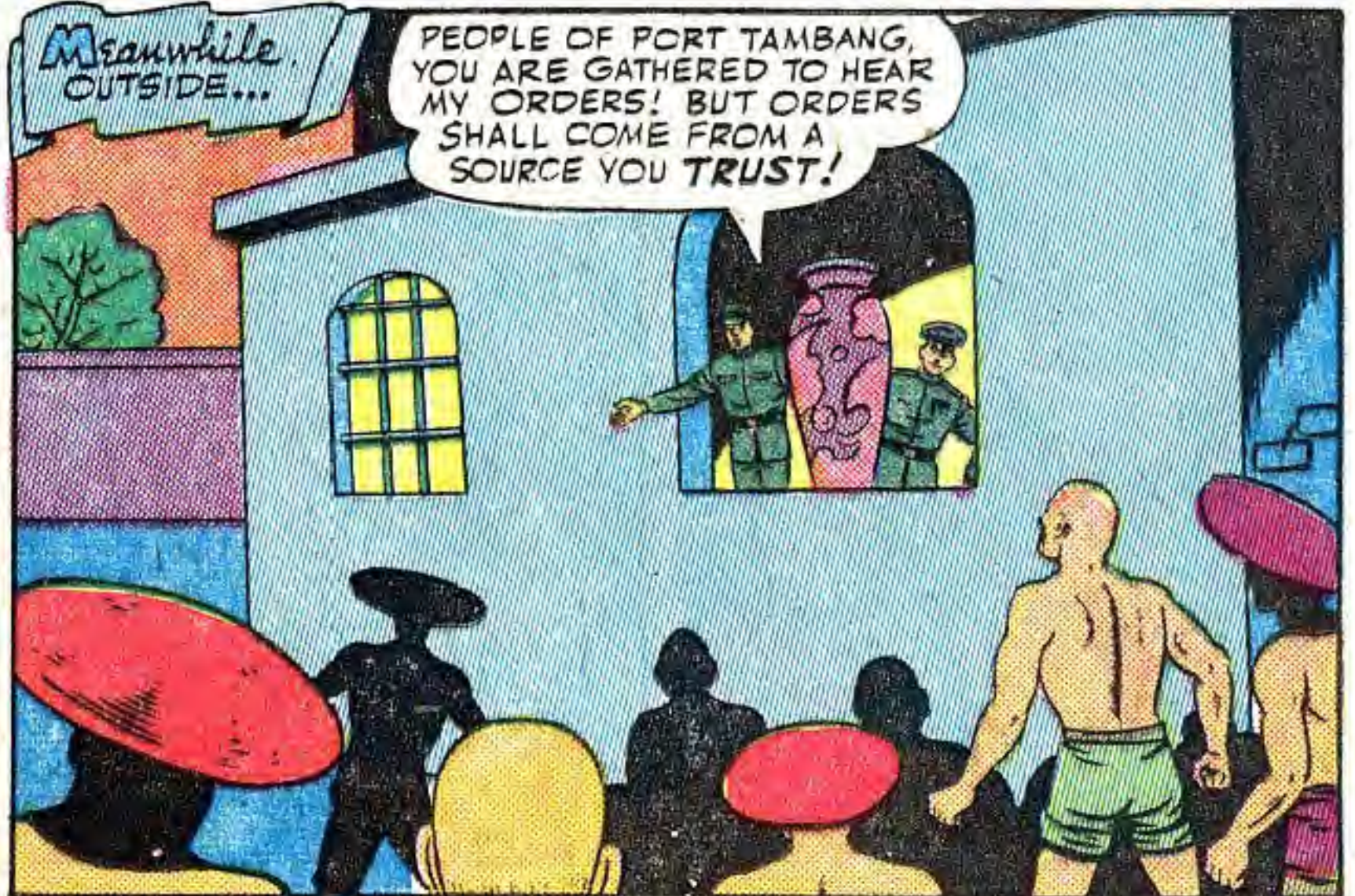
I'VE HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THAT! ISN'T A GODDESS OF MERCY SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN THE VASE TO THE PEOPLE OF PORT TAMBANG?

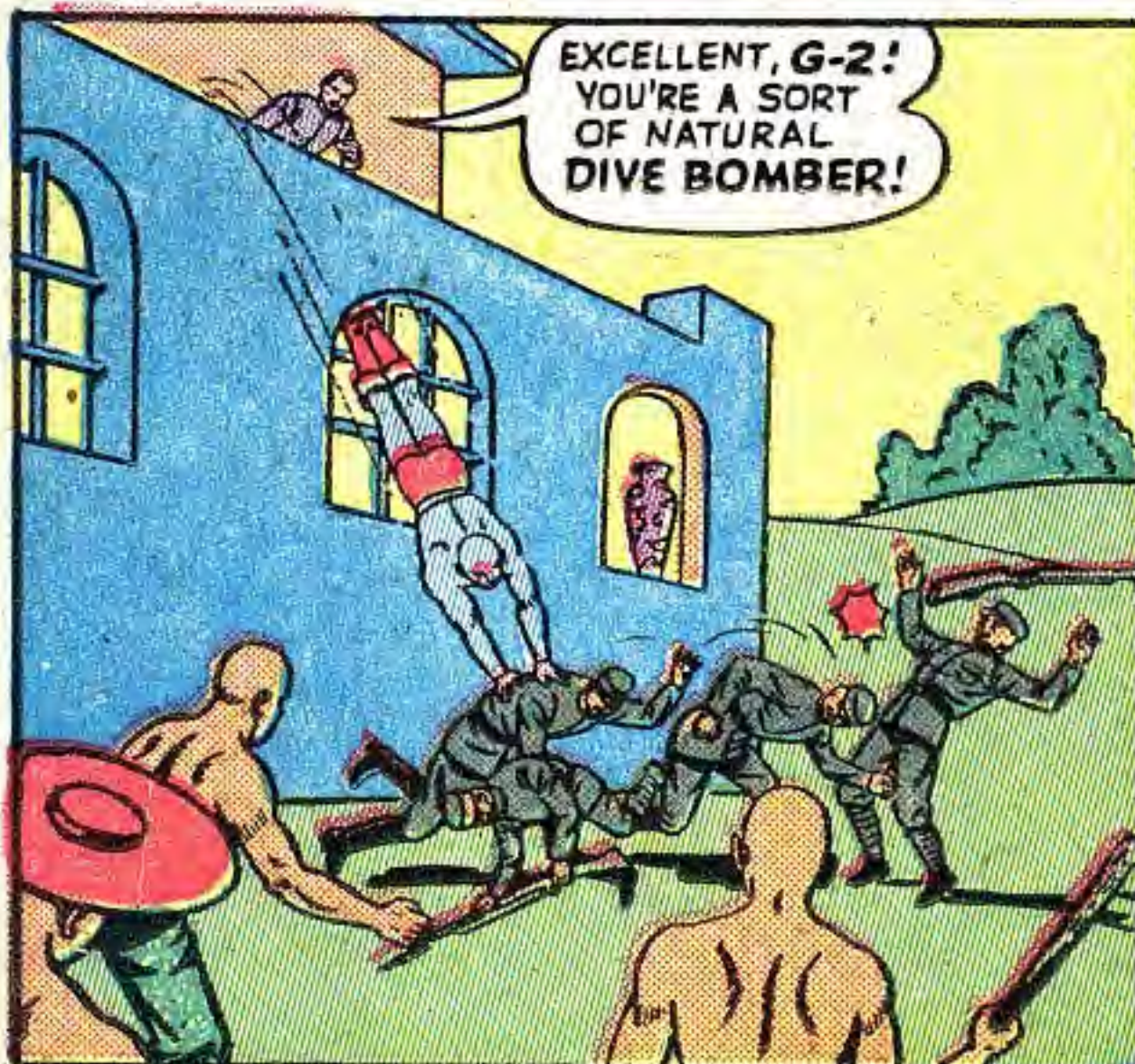
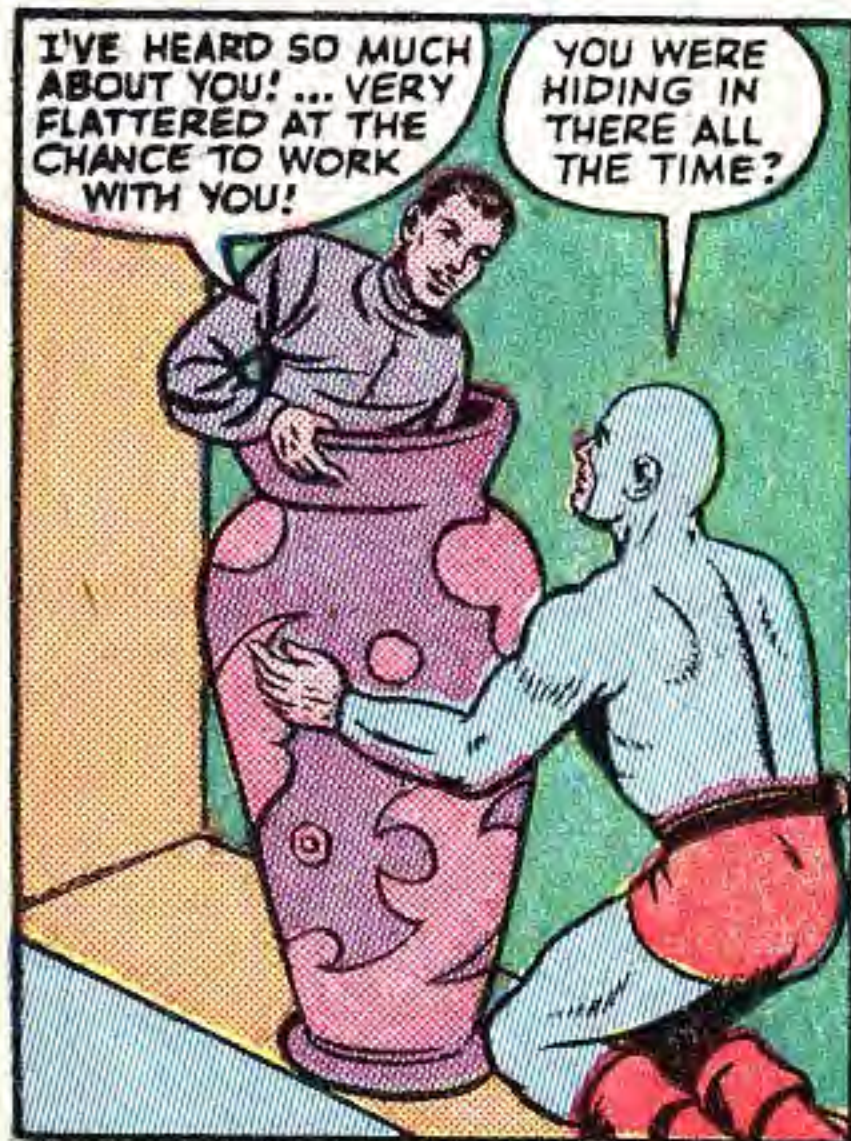
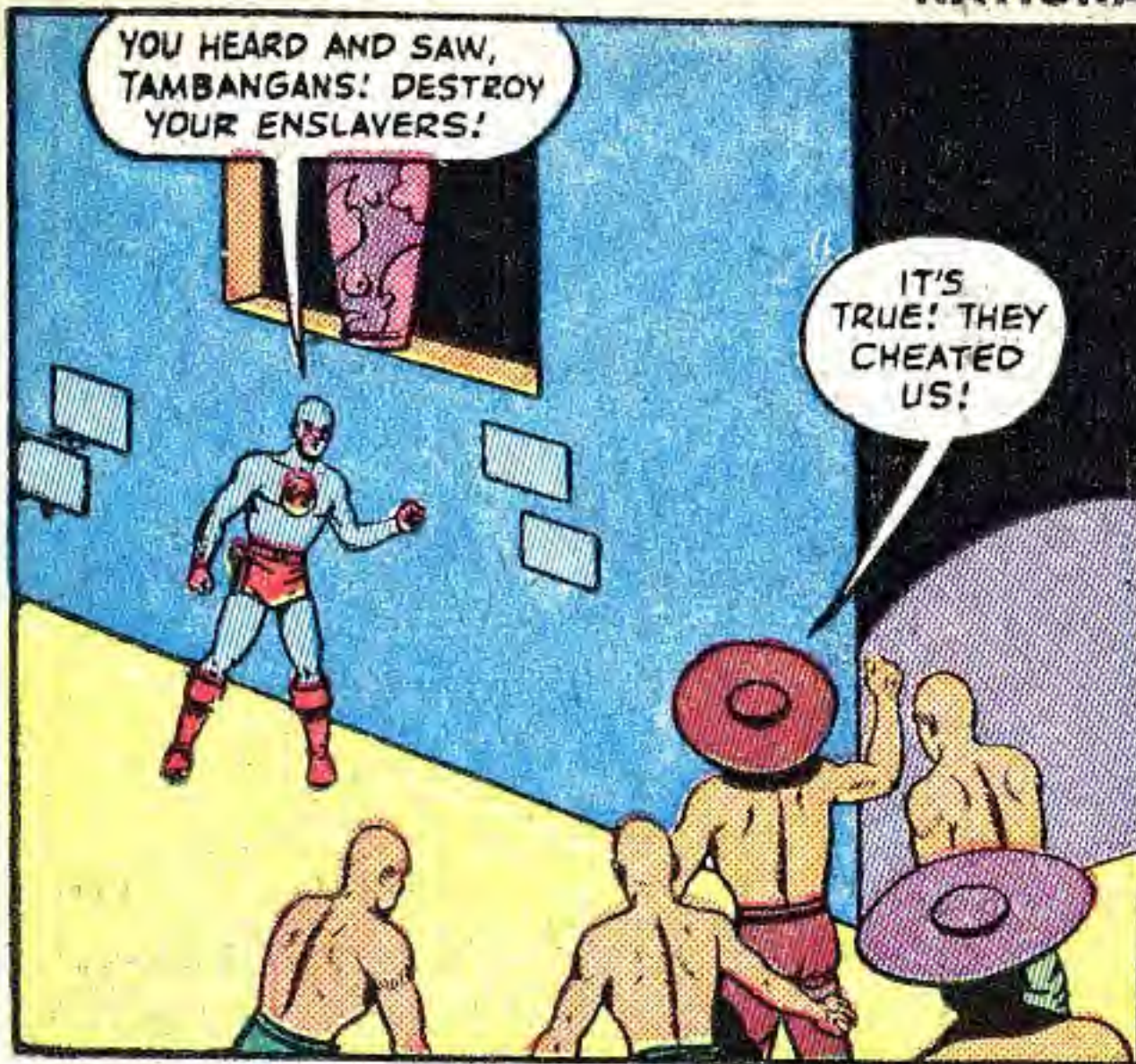


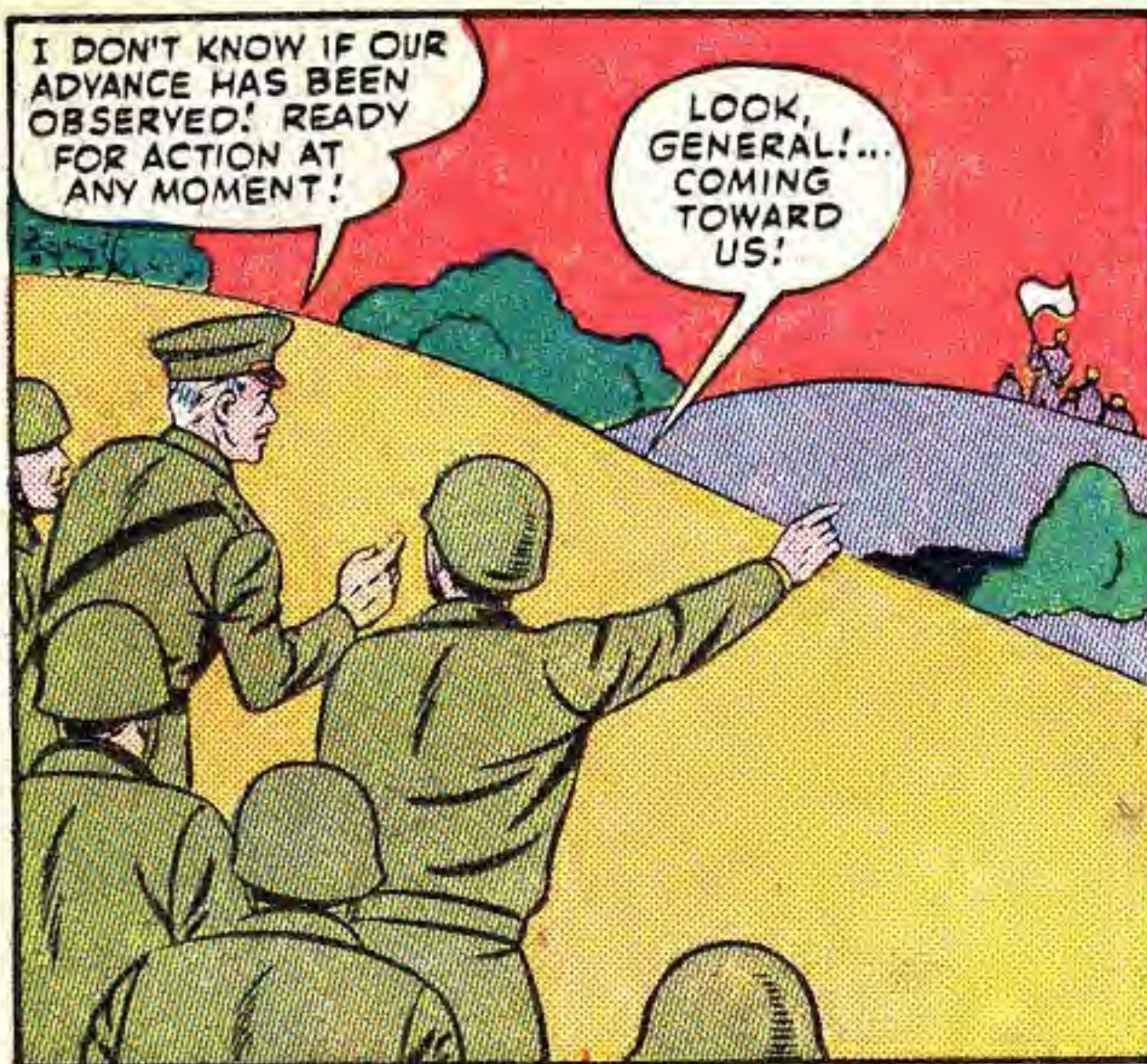












INTELLECTUAL AMOS

By
André
LeBlanc

Introducing:

AMOS, THE LAD WITH
A GENIUS FOR UNEARTHING
THE MOST INCREDIBLE OF
ADVENTURES!

FOLLOW HIM ALONG THE
SKULL-STUDDED TRAIL
IN THE ADVENTURE OF
"The Lispering Hob-Goblin
and The Ghost That
Failed!"

SPIES AND
SABOTEURS
WE HAVE
NO USE
FOR!

GRR-RR!

TWELVE O'CLOCK AT THE TOWN
CEMETERY ... THE HOWLING OF
THE WIND RISES TO A HIGH
SHRIEK OF PROTEST AS A
SMALL FIGURE PLODS UP
THE HILL....

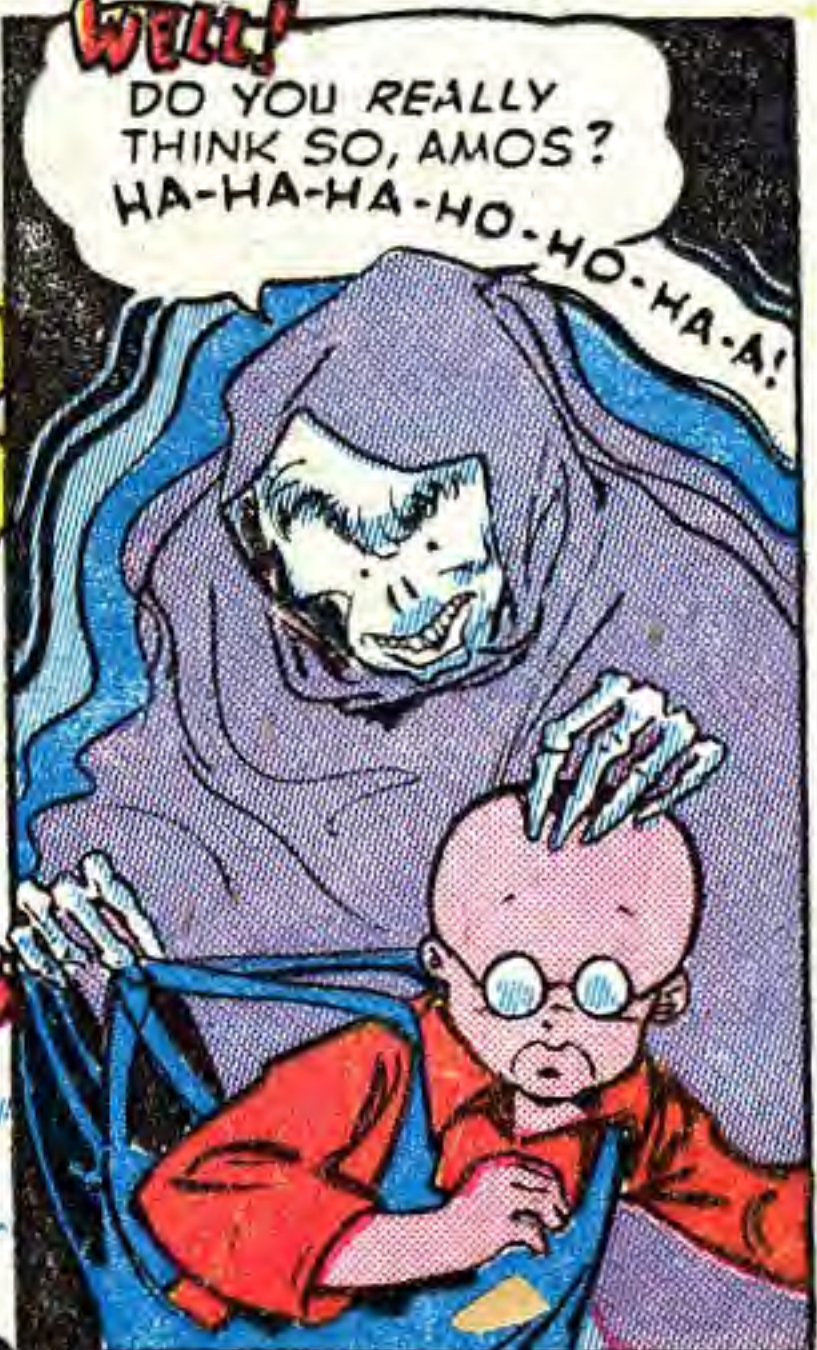
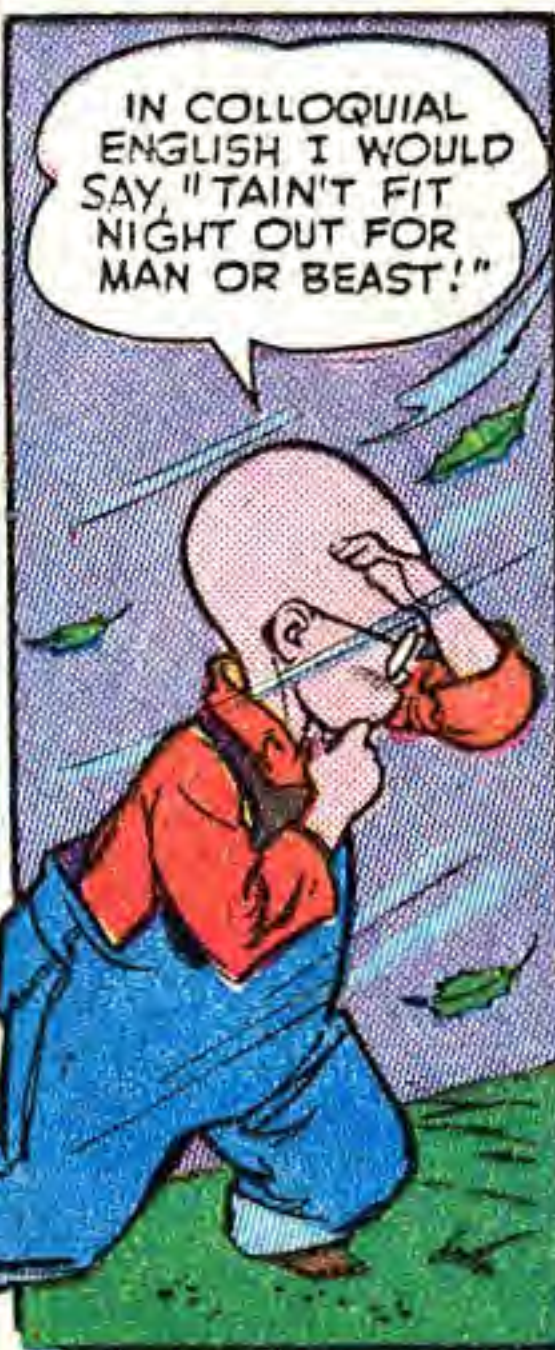
IN COLLOQUIAL
ENGLISH I WOULD
SAY, "TAIN'T FIT
NIGHT OUT FOR
MAN OR BEAST!"

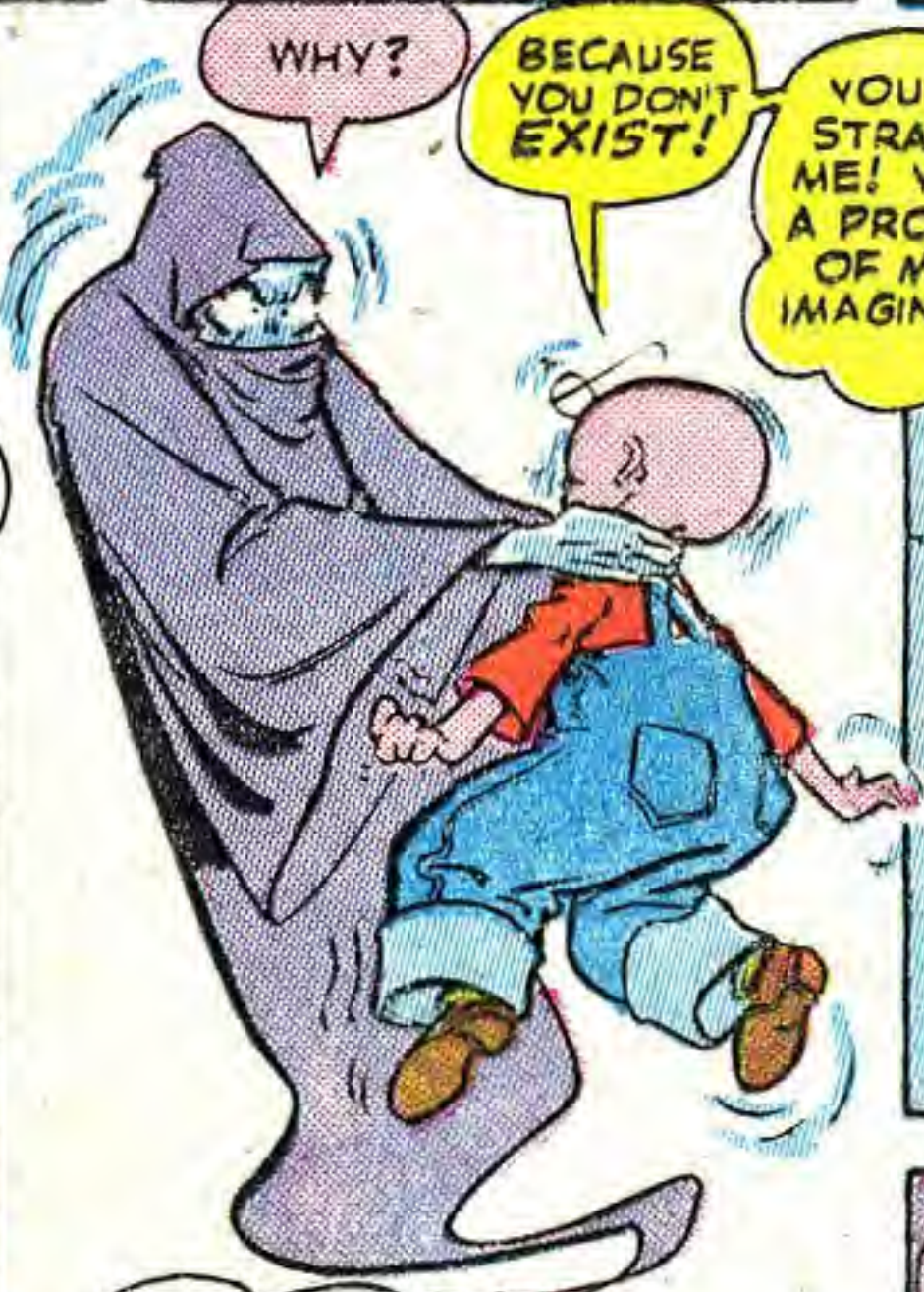
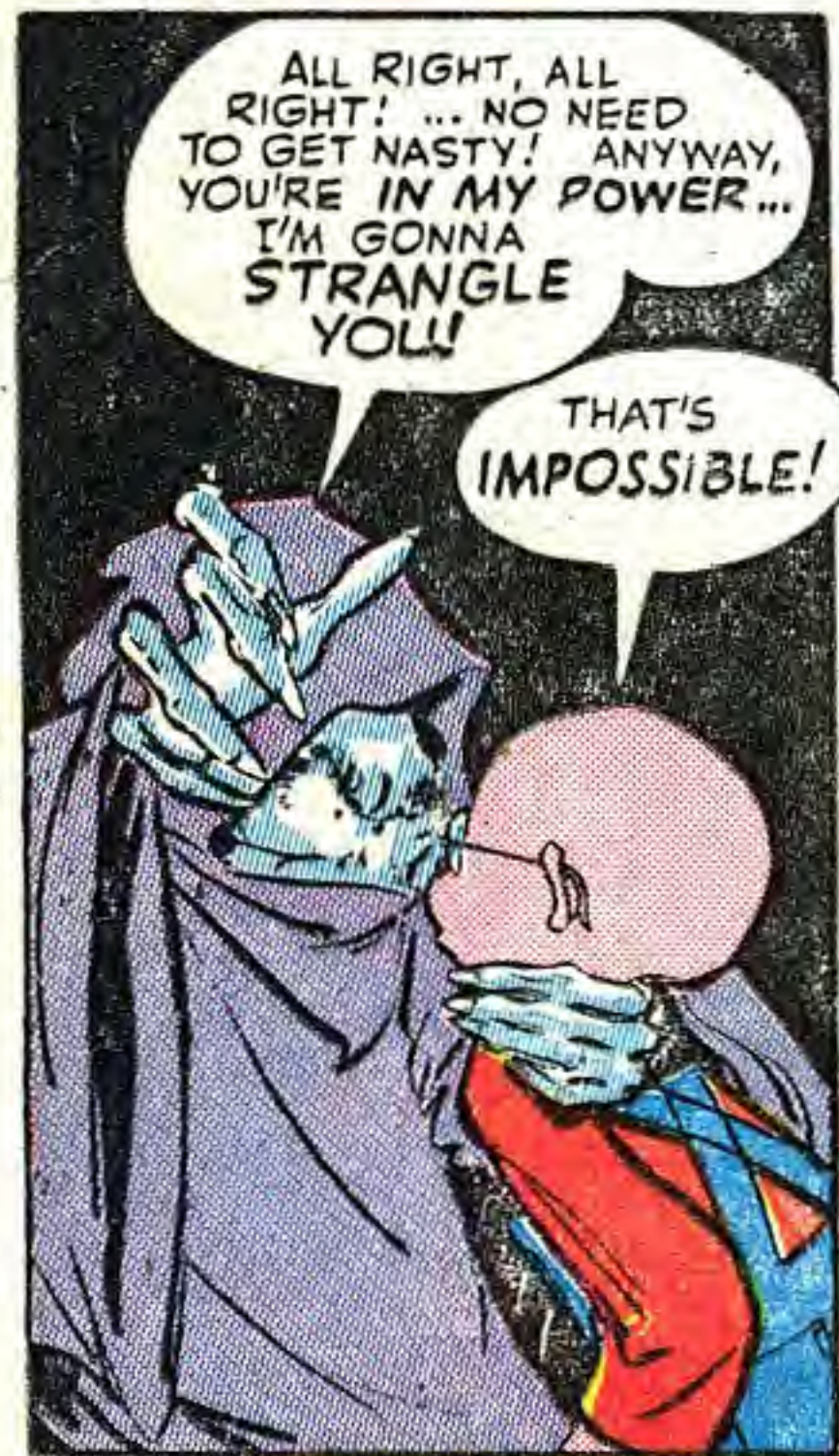
ON A NIGHT
SUCH AS THIS,
ANYTHING CAN
HAPPEN ---

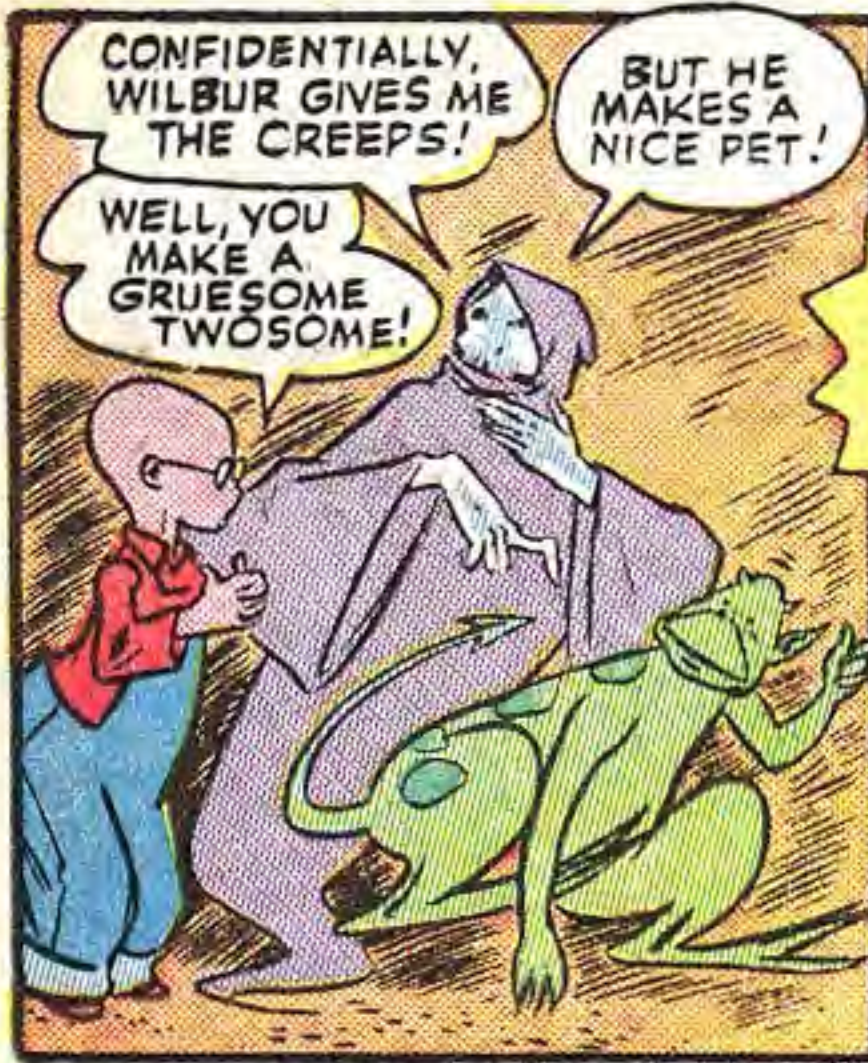
WHY, IT
WOULDN'T SURPRISE
ME TO SEE AN
APPARITION
OR SOME SUCH
NONSENSE!

WELL!

DO YOU REALLY
THINK SO, AMOS?
HA-HA-HA-HO-HO-HA-A!

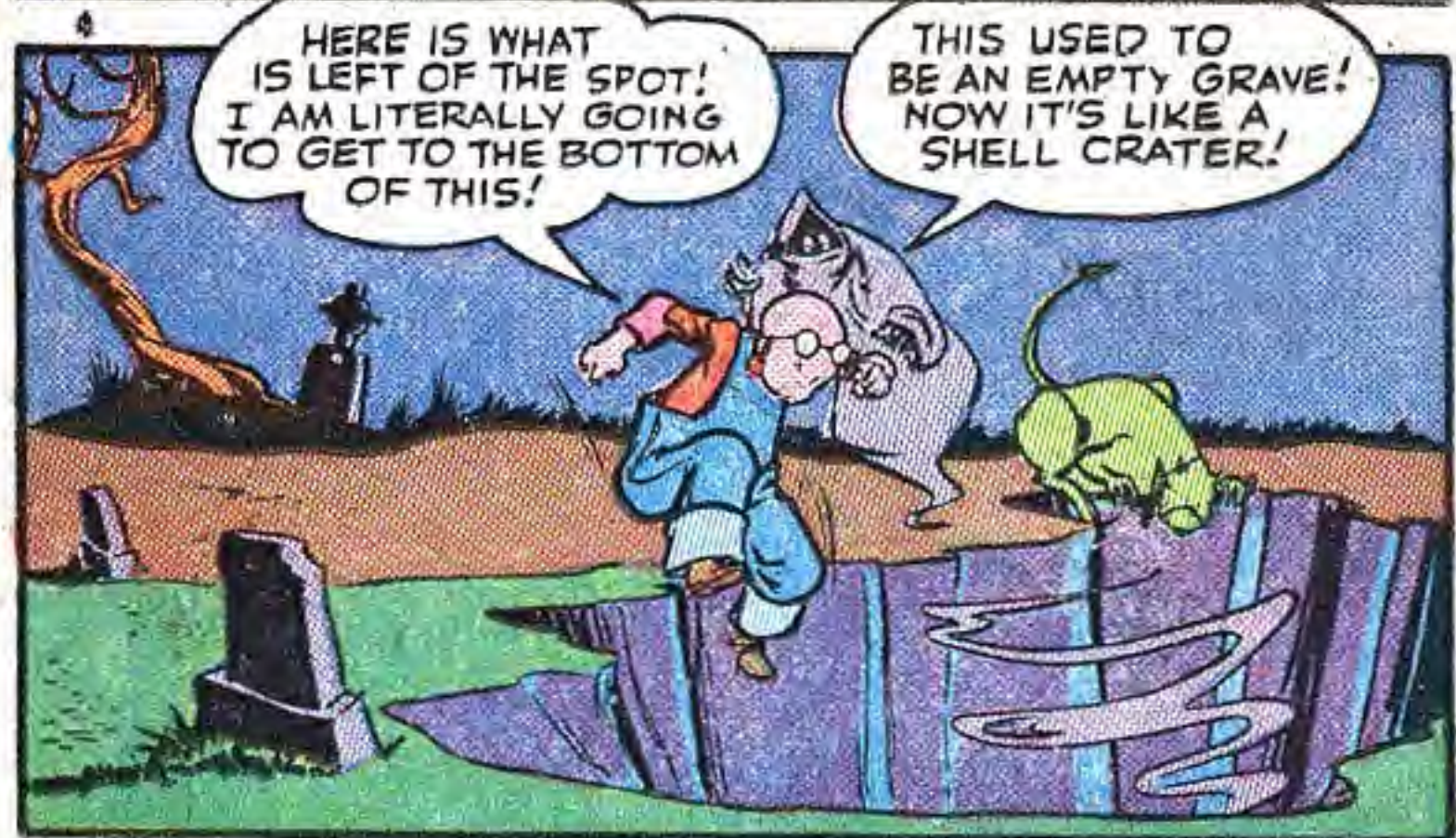
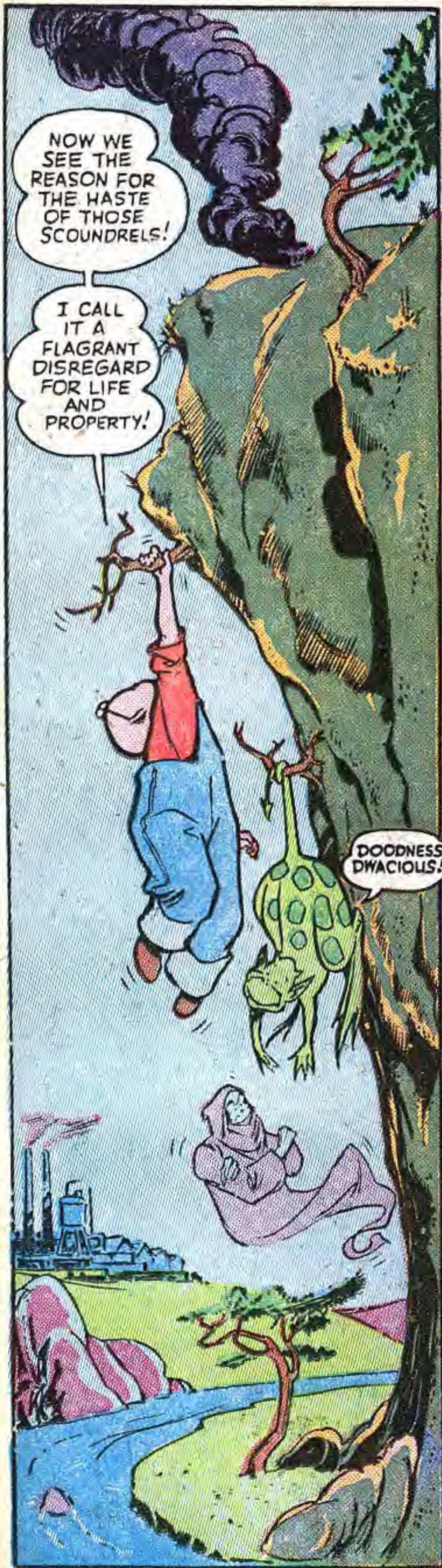


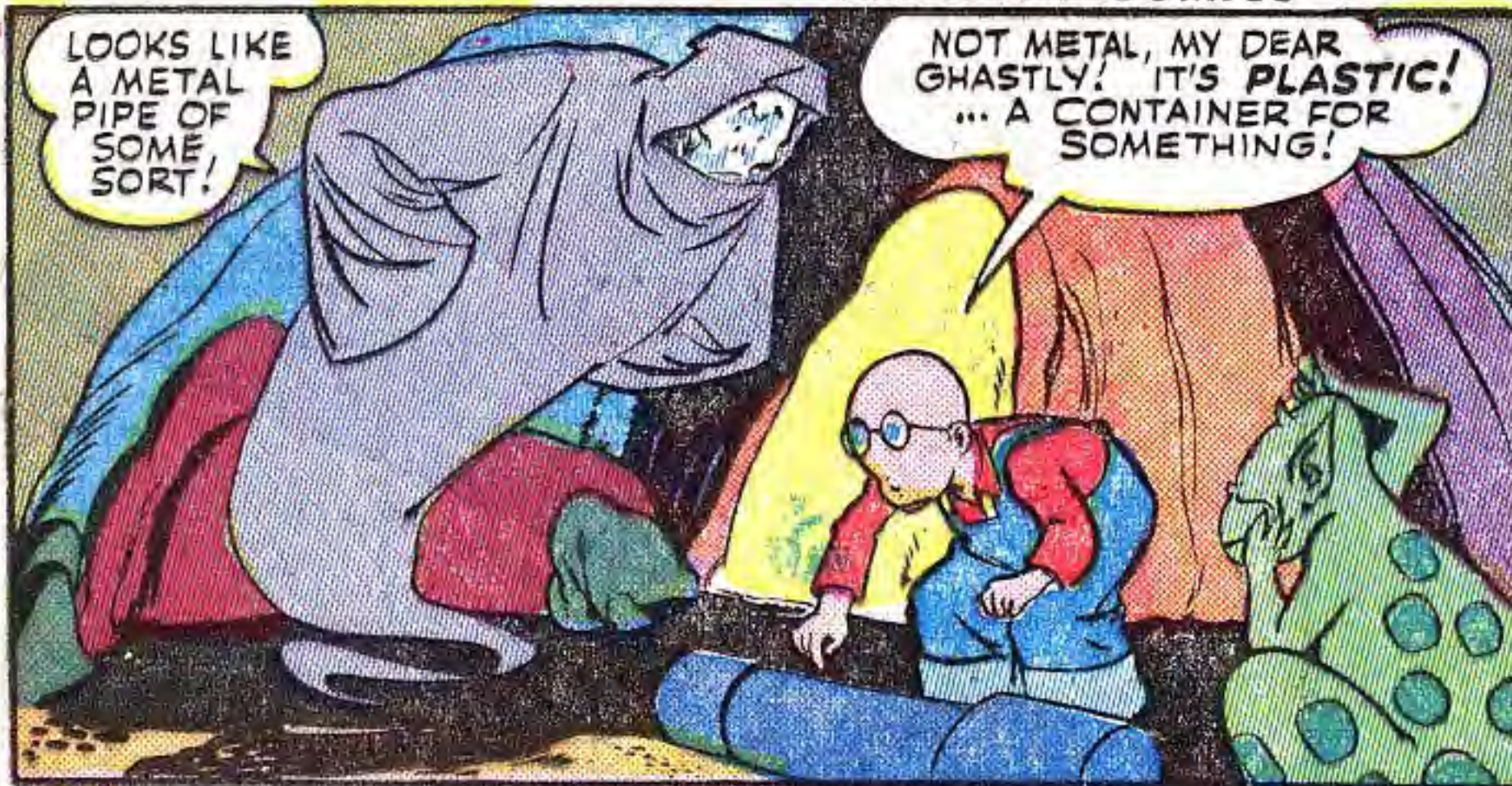




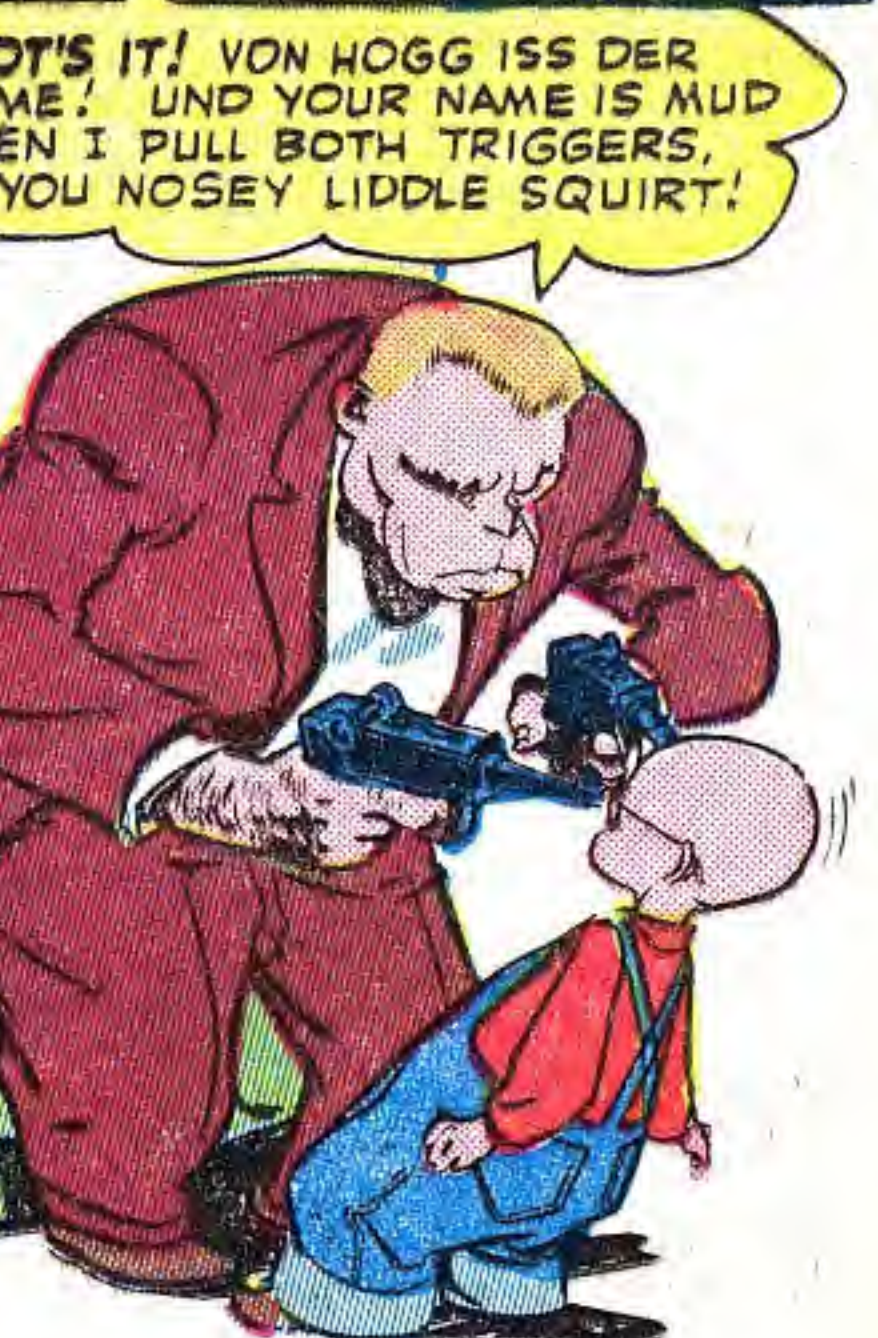
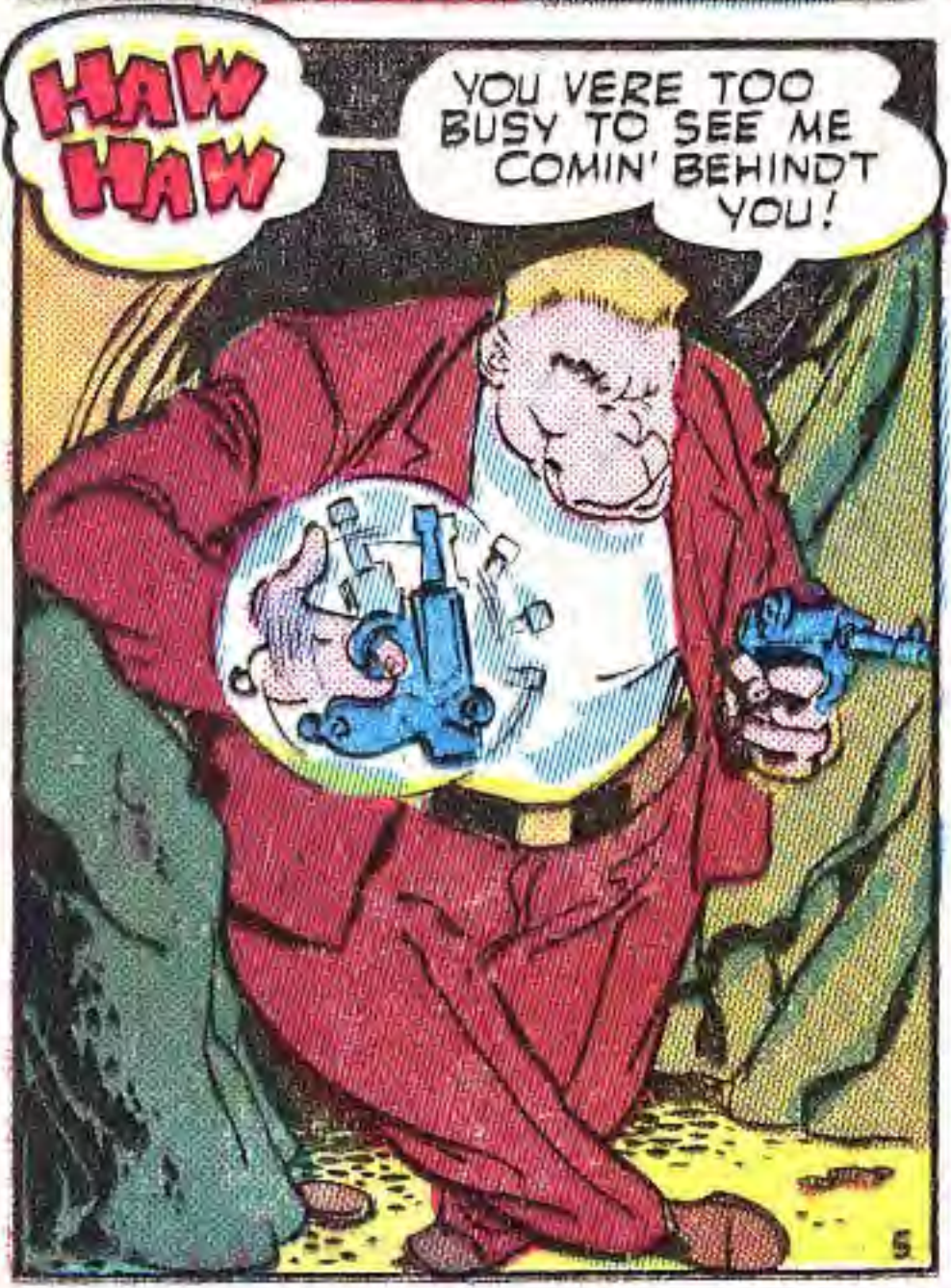
GREAT GUNS! LOOK!







MENTALLY, INTELLECTUAL AMOS THUMBS AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA ... SEARCHING ... SEARCHING ...

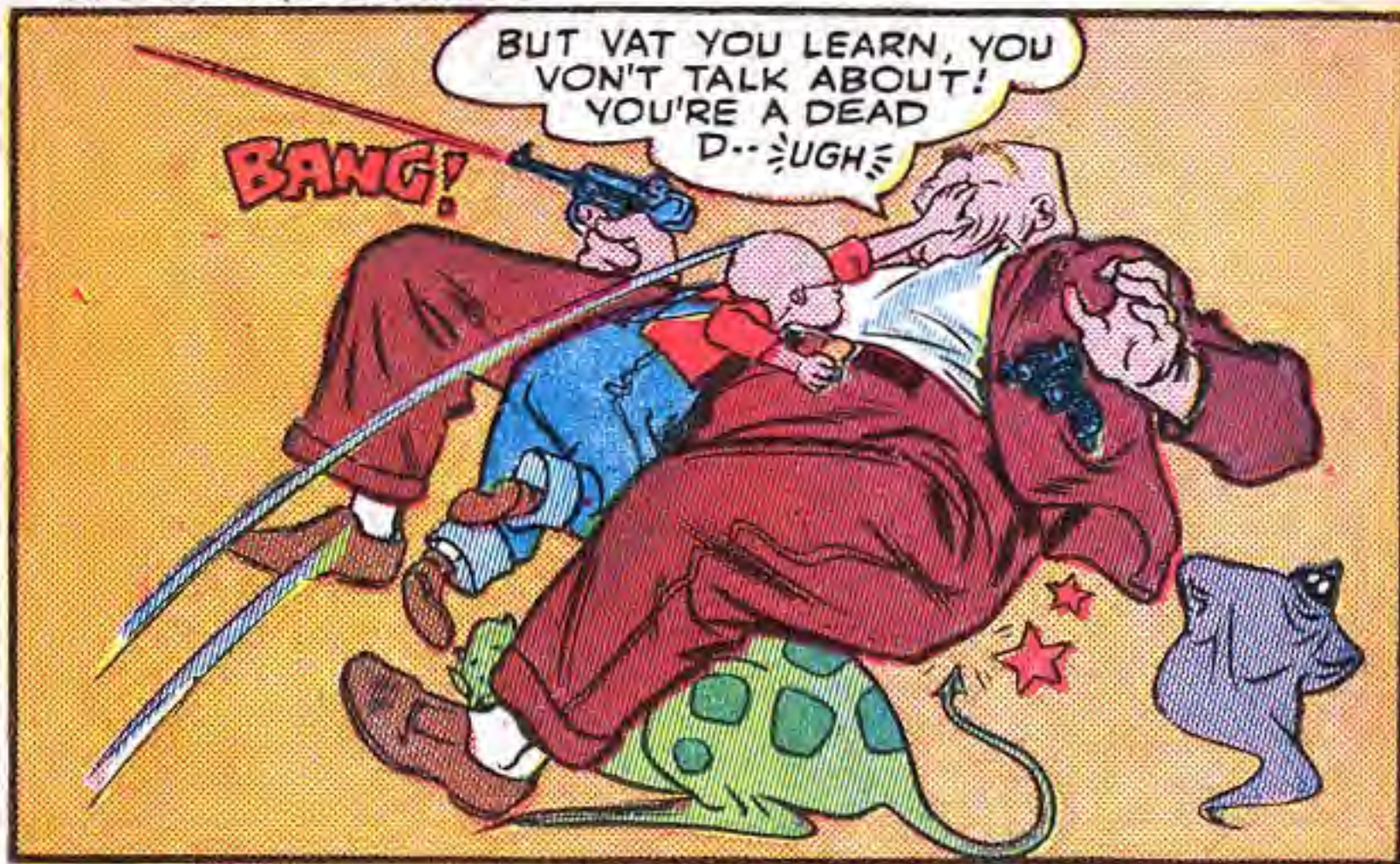


IT VAS DOSE STOOPID
HELPERS OF MINE VAT BROUGHT
YOU HERE! DOSE COWARDS
ARE EASILY FRIGHTENED BY
ACCIDENTAL EXPLOSIONS!
NO MATTER -- THERE ISS
ENOUGH LEFT TO FINISH
THE JOB!



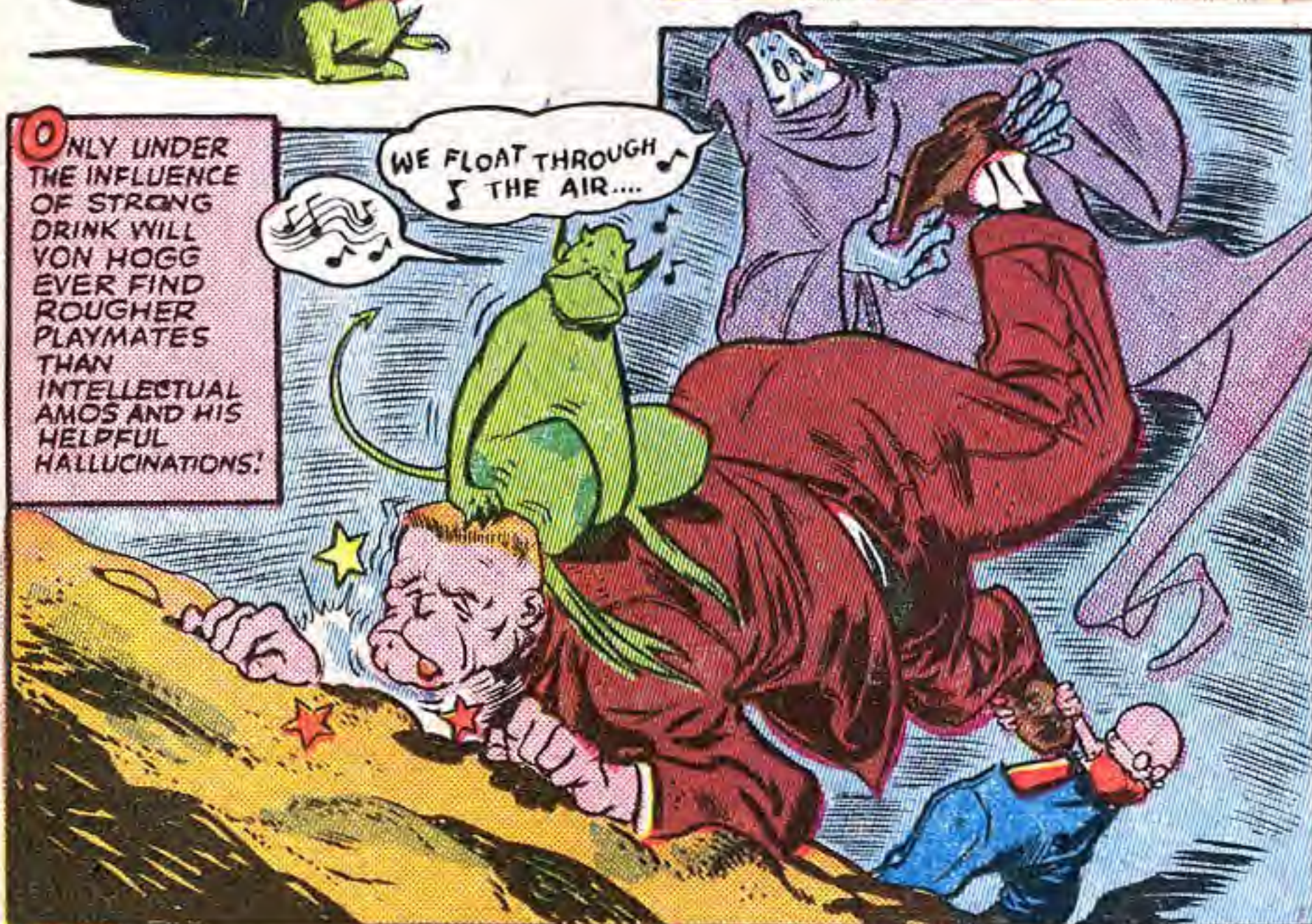
BANG!

BUT VAT YOU LEARN, YOU
VON'T TALK ABOUT!
YOU'RE A DEAD
D...UGH



ONLY UNDER
THE INFLUENCE
OF STRONG
DRINK WILL
VON HOGG
EVER FIND
ROUGHER
PLAYMATES
THAN
INTELLECTUAL
AMOS AND HIS
HELPFUL
HALLUCINATIONS!

WE FLOAT THROUGH
THE AIR...



THE POLICE WILL
SEE THAT HE AND
HIS ACCOMPLICES
ARE PUT INTO COLD
STORAGE!

TRUE,
BUT ALL
THIS IS A
MYSTERY
TO ME!



WELL, IT'S REALLY QUITE
SIMPLE! FULMINE OF
MERCURY IS USED TO SET
OFF HIGH EXPLOSIVES,
BUT IT IS TRICKY
STUFF TO HANDLE!

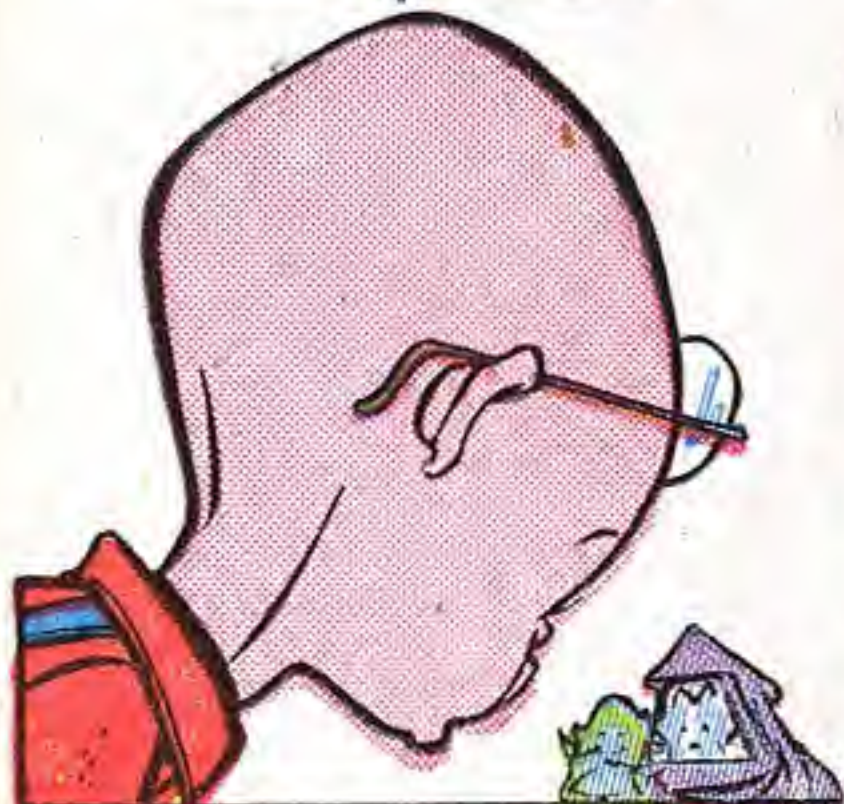
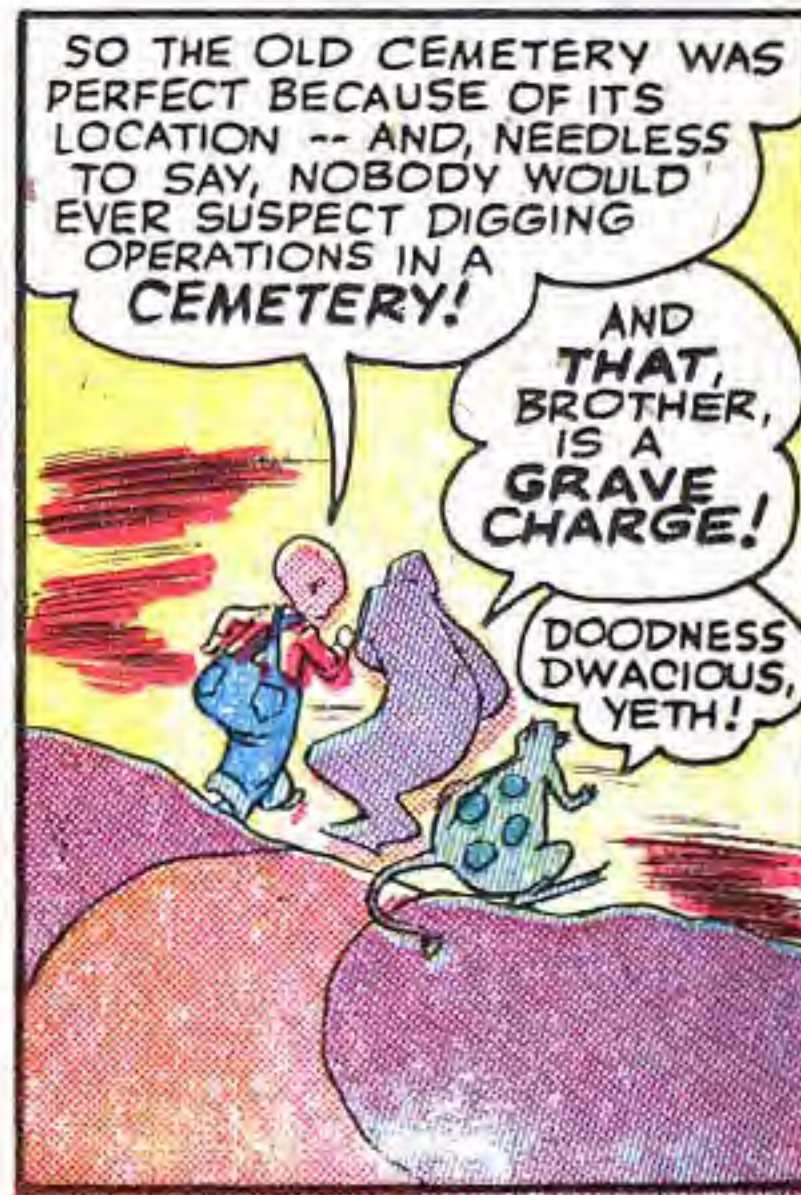
THE WHOLE PLAN WAS
TO DESTROY THE DEFENSE
PLANT AND THE TOWN WATER
SUPPLY! THE EXCEEDINGLY
HIGH EXPLOSIVES WOULD HAVE
BLOWN UP THIS CLIFF, AND THE
WHOLE MOUNTAIN WOULD
HAVE LANDED ON THAT
FACTORY!



SO THE OLD CEMETERY WAS
PERFECT BECAUSE OF ITS
LOCATION -- AND, NEEDLESS
TO SAY, NOBODY WOULD
EVER SUSPECT DIGGING
OPERATIONS IN A
CEMETERY!

AND
THAT,
BROTHER,
IS A
GRAVE
CHARGE!

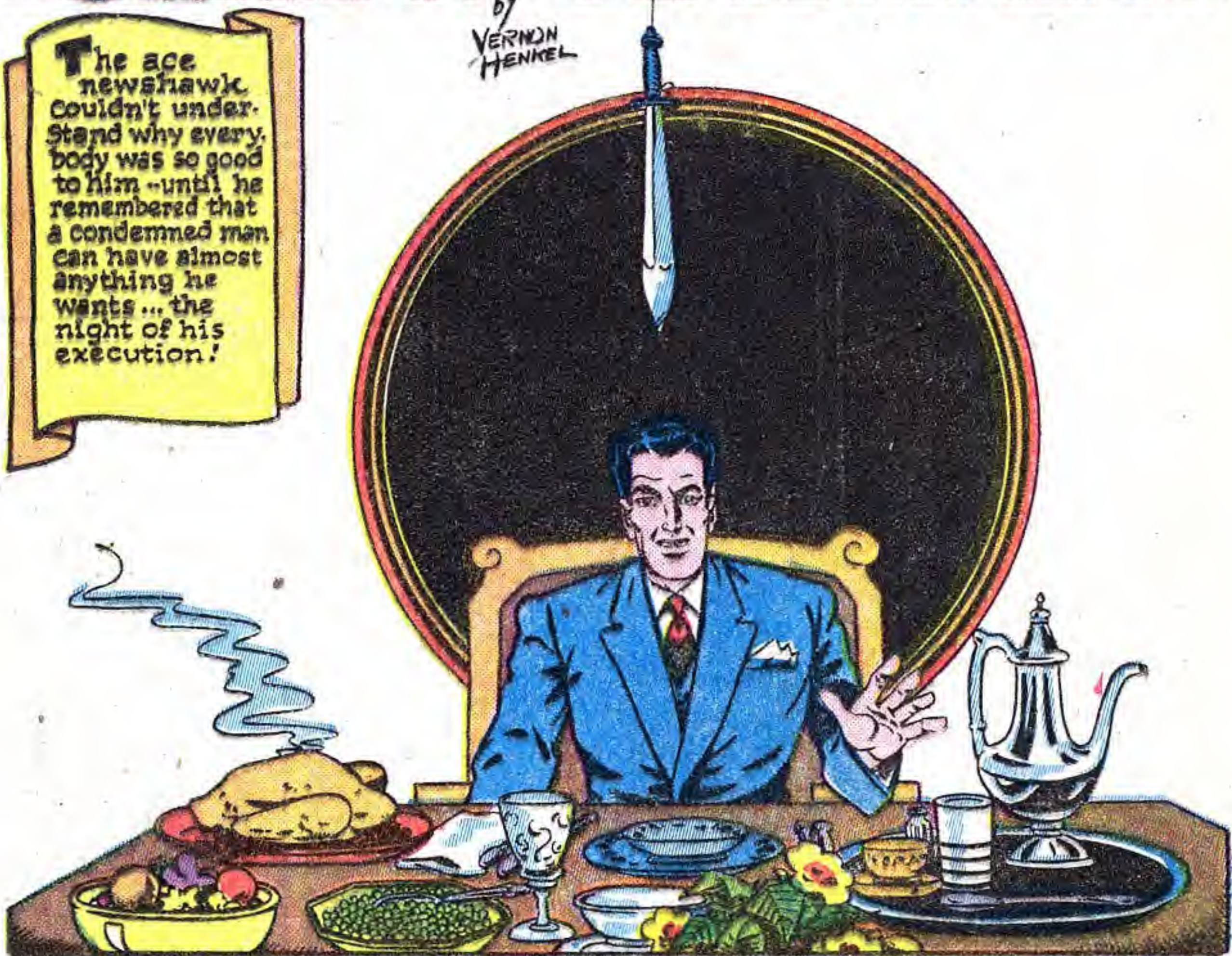
DOODNESS
DWACIOUS,
YETH!



CHIC CARTER

by
VERNON
HENKEL

The ace newshawk couldn't understand why everybody was so good to him -- until he remembered that a condemned man can have almost anything he wants ... the night of his execution!



THERE ARE PLENTY OF THORNS IN A POLICE REPORTER'S "BED OF ROSES"...

OH, ME -- WHAT A DAY! THE BOSS IS SORE BECAUSE I MUFFED A STORY -- AND GAY'S NOT TALKING TO ME BECAUSE I MISSED OUR DATE!



CARTER!
COME IN
HERE!

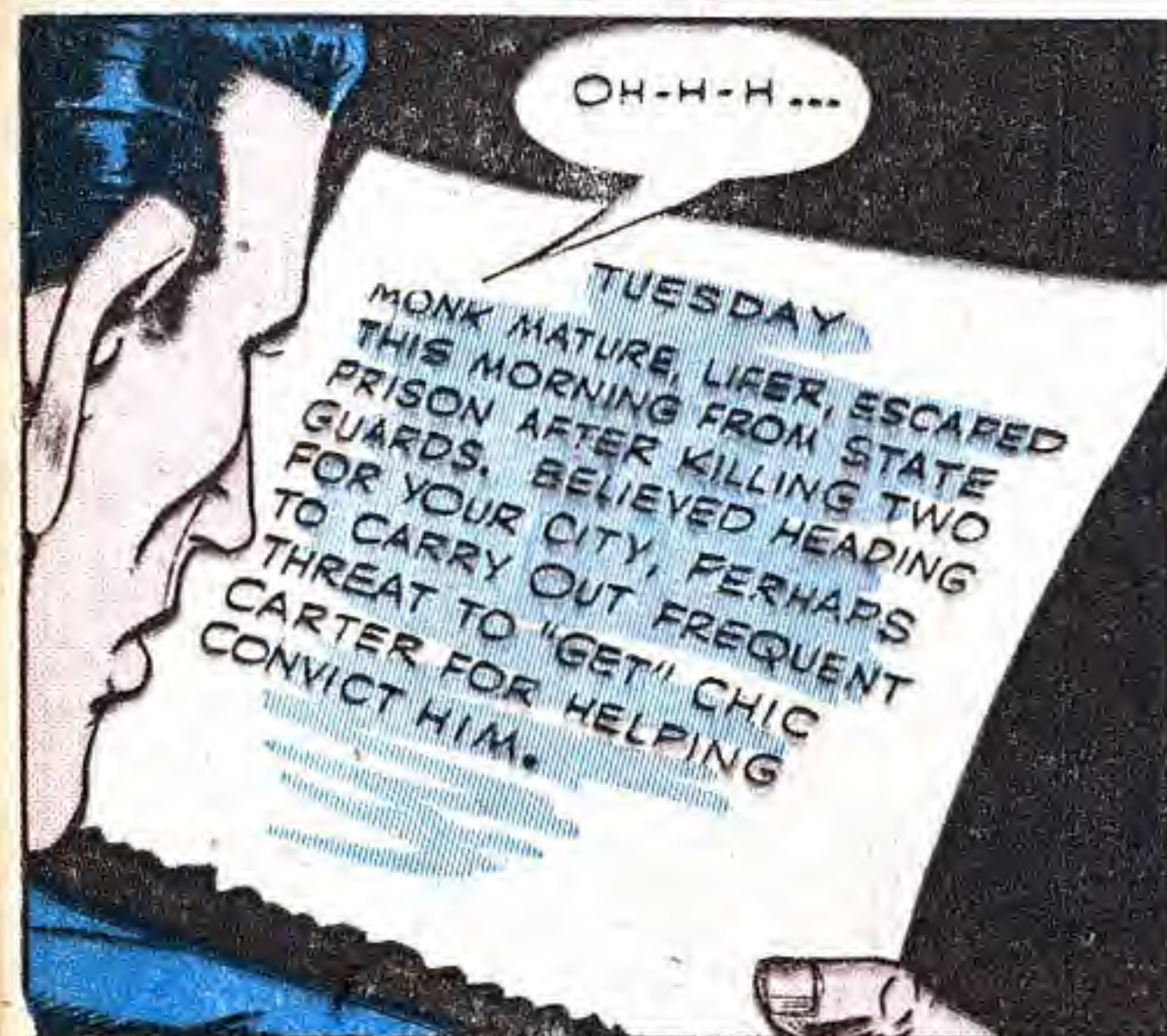
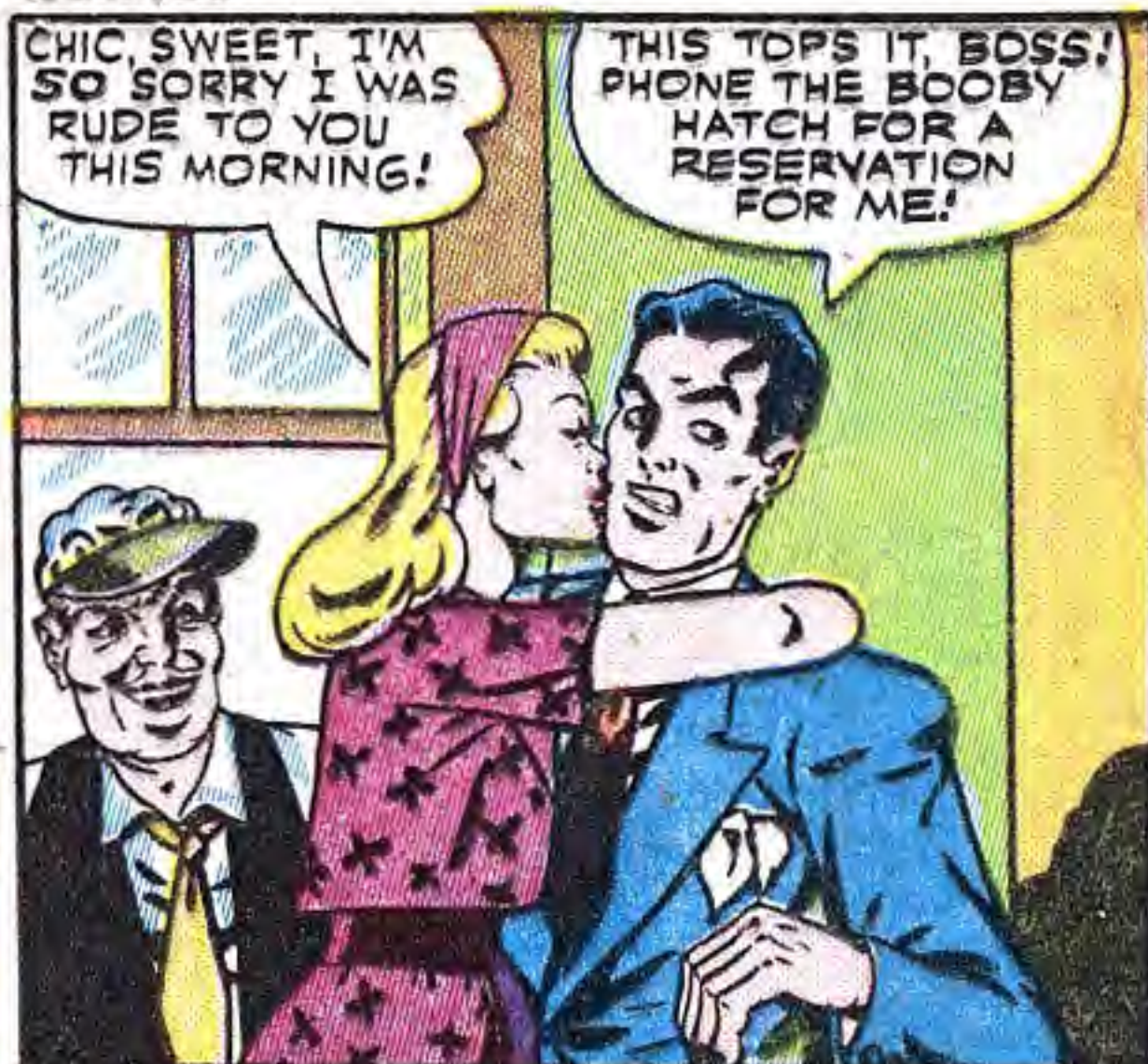
OH-OH!
THERE'S
THAT UGLY
MA-A-AN
AGAIN!



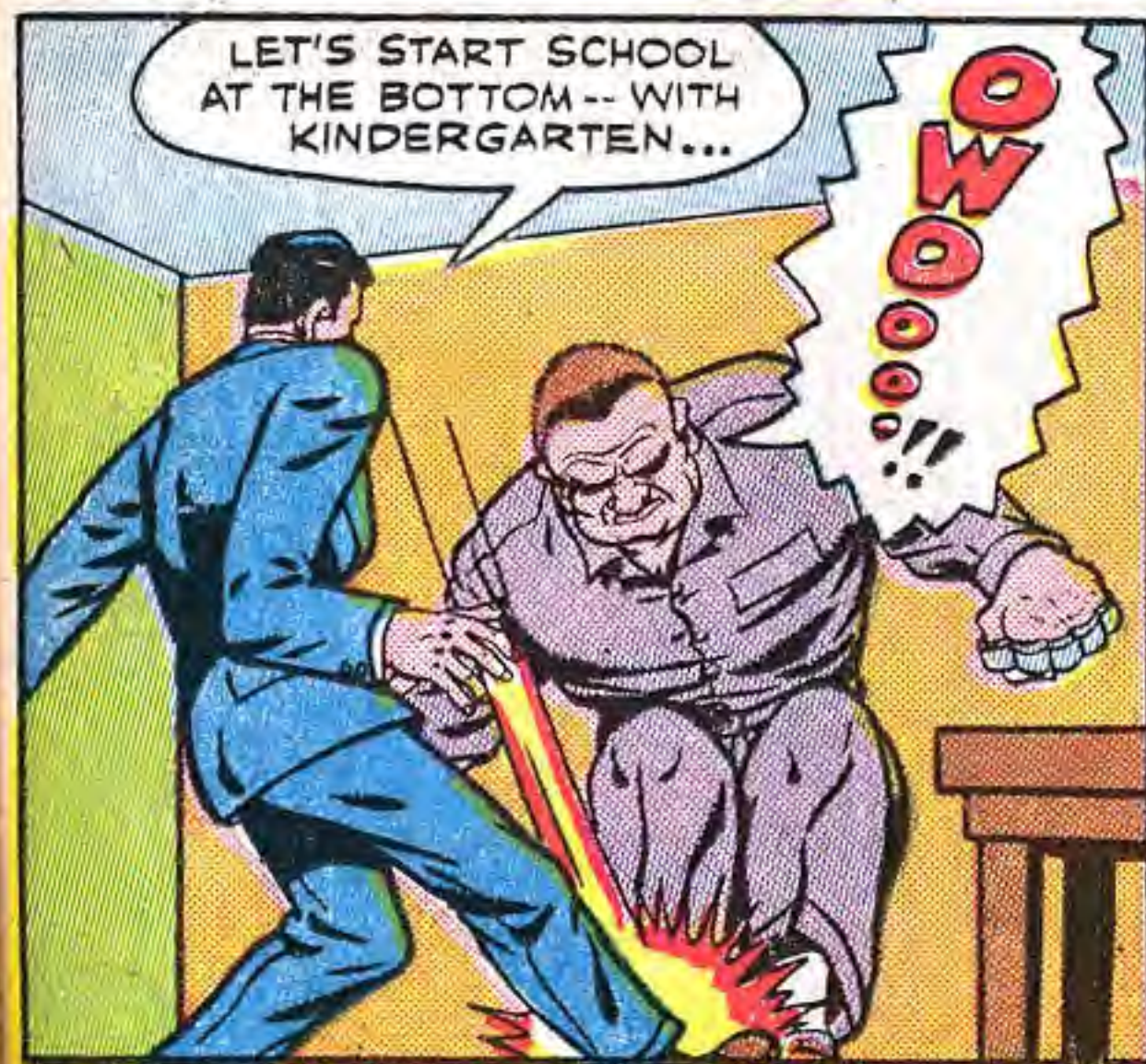
CHIC, MY BOY -- YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! I WANT YOU TO TAKE A NICE LONG VACATION -- WITH PAY!!

WITH PAY?
AWRRRRK!
NOW I KNOW
I'M NUTS!

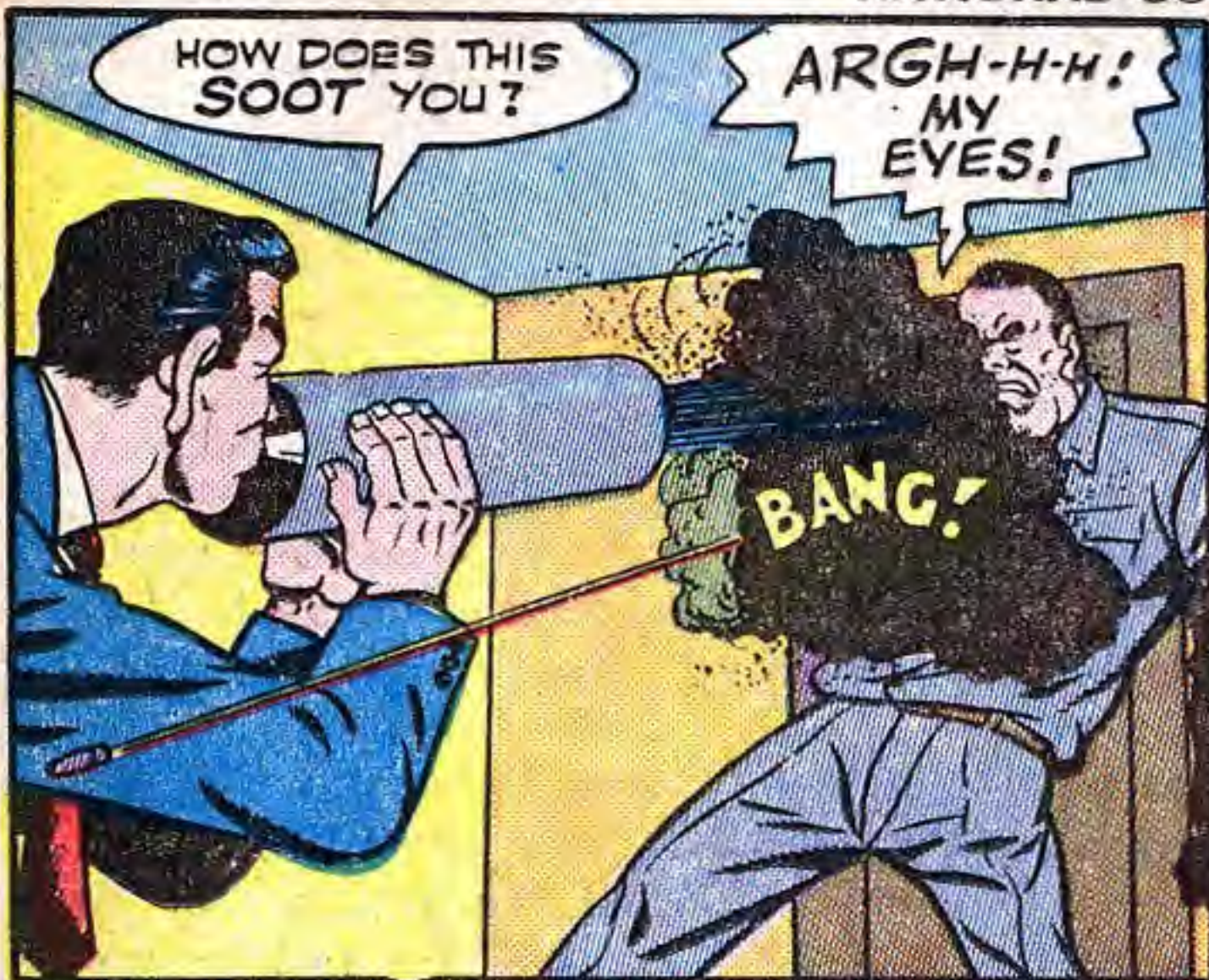












FOOTPRINTS of LIGHT

THE small safari wound along the veldt like a serpent, keeping close to the river. There you ran less chance of being ambushed by savage tribes; and, too, the wild elephant herds were more likely to be near the water.

Spencer Hale, young leader of the party, knew his Africa for all his youth. He had been in Kenya. His father, Sir John Winston Hale, had been a noted big game hunter—until a wounded bull elephant had cut short his life. That had occurred when Spencer was six years old. His mother had died at his birth, so that he had been raised by the old family *mayah*—or native serving woman.

Spencer had been reared in an atmosphere of jungle and hunting lore. He knew it intimately. His father had been a great favorite of the native tribes, and when the old man had gone, the tribesmen transferred their affection to the youngster. He was now seventeen.

"If we can find that big fellow," he told Wango, his chief gun-bearer, "there's a fat bonus in it for all of you. Keep a good eye out."

"Yes bwana, Wango never sleeps," replied the huge black.

The party had to veer away from the river toward noon because of fresh spoor, and they halted for lunch beneath a mass of mangrove.

Spoor was plentiful, and

Wango came running to Spencer before the meal was ended. "I think he is close by, Bwana—the mighty one!"

"Yeah?" Spencer leaped up. "How do you know, Wango?"

The native pointed up into the tree branches. "Only the mighty can reach so high," he said simply. "See—all of 20 feet from the ground; even a big elephant, Bwana, reaches but 15 or 16 feet into the branches."

"Holy Cow!" exclaimed Spencer, "I do believe you're right. We must hurry, Wango. Get the guns ready. You and I—take a dozen beaters—we'll leave immediately!"

"Good!" The black hurried off to round up the beaters. Spencer wolfed a sandwich and drank a cup of steaming tea.

"Where away in such a hurry, Spen?" asked Devers, one of the hunting party. Spencer told him, "No use in us all going. The mighty one is a clever chap; we'd make too much noise. We'll be back before evening."

Spencer, Wango and the beaters headed north, following the tracks of the small herd. They followed the well-beaten trail for two hours, then Wango, who had ears like some night animal, suddenly stopped in an attitude of listening.

"Be very quiet, Bwana. He is near. We must watch for the Cows."

They slipped silently through the tall jungle grass, crouching, edging around to the east so that they would be up-wind of the herd.

The beaters moved like shadows, carrying the heavy guns. At length Wango signalled for silence.

"Come Bwana," he whispered. "The mighty one is close, but he is also alert; may be that he has heard us."

You are playing with death when you stalk wild elephants. Quick to stampede, of vicious temper when startled, they are mountains of speedy doom. Spencer followed the big native to where a large clearing began. Not 200 yards away browsed a herd of a dozen or more elephants, mostly cows, all heavy with ivory. But where was the mighty one?

Wango pointed. Spencer saw the great greyish-black giant then. He was partly screened from view by thick foliage. Crafty, he had chosen this hiding place to watch over his herd. It was a good 300 yards—a long shot, but Spencer balanced the heavy Ballard elephant gun, bringing the sights in line on the beast's great bulk just back of the left foreleg. He squeezed the trigger.

The terrific explosion nearly knocked him flat. When the smoke cleared, they searched the clearing with anxious glances. The elephant herd had disappeared amid a crashing of branches and snorting bel-

lows. The mighty one had vanished with them.

"Missed," said Spencer with annoyance.

Wango shook his head. "The Bwana never misses. Come!"

They were headed for the opposite side of the clearing. The beaters had preceded them. The mighty one was gone, but there were great splashes of blood on the leaves and trampled grass.

"Hit him all right!" said Spencer. "Fan out, fellows. Be careful."

The sound of the retreating herd was fading. Spencer and Wango stuck to the blood-spattered trail of the wounded beast. They knew they would have to be extremely careful since many savage animals in the jungle would smell the fresh blood and take up the trail.

The thing they never anticipated, however, happened at that moment. A blood thirsty yell echoed through the trees, and then a hundred painted savages were upon them. Quickly Spencer and Wango were overpowered and hurled into a cage which the blacks used for trapping animals.

Wango said, "m' boolis—very bad people. They'll eat us."

"They won't eat me," growled Spencer. "Not without getting indigestion!" He fumbled in his jacket. Then:

"Wish they'd give us a drink of water. I have an idea."

"Mebbe other boys come—find us," suggested Wango, not very enthusiastically.

"These woods are full of all kinds of trails. We'll have to give 'em some kind of trail to

follow."

"You get idea?" Wango asked.

Spencer nodded. "But I got to have water. Ask 'em for a drink, Wango."

It was sunset. Night would soon be upon the jungle. Spencer would have to figure out his plan before darkness. Wango called to the guard to bring water. Surprisingly enough, a native brought a gourd of brackish water and passed it through the bars of the cage.

"Don't drink it," warned Spencer. "We need it."

Spencer took the gourd and emptied the contents of one jacket pocket into it. He stirred this mixture for several minutes, wondering the while if the others in the party had started out to look for them. He had told them he and Wango would return by sunset. Soon it would be dark. That's what he figured on, darkness.

The natives came to the cage and roughly dragged their captives out. Then they bound their hands behind them and shoved them ahead.

The night wore on, and Spencer felt fatigue creeping over him, stiffening his muscles, making his feet hurt painfully. Whenever he lagged, the savages behind jabbed their spears into his back; it was bleeding profusely now and pained terribly.

Wango seemed not to notice the driving pace. He strode immediately ahead of Spencer—head held high, never changing his stride. Proud Wango was. Son of a chief. Blood of a noble clan. He'd drop in utter exhaustion before he'd

complain.

The other members of the safari grew alarmed when night came and Spencer hadn't returned. They'd heard the single shot; no more.

"We'd better take off," Hal Moreland suggested. "Something must have happened to them. You'd think at least one of their beaters would've come back."

"I agree with you," spoke up Jack Weldon. "I say let's get going right now."

They quickly broke camp and were under way. They found the clearing and picked up the trail of the wounded elephant. They knew Spencer would follow that.

They came to the scene of the attack . . . then one of the natives, on his knees on the trail, called to the white men.

"Fire, Bwana! Fire that burns not!" He indicated the glowing spot on the trampled grass.

"Ha!" cried one of the men. "Clever of Spencer. Come on, we'll follow these marks."

It was well that there were marks to follow, since many trails crossed and criss-crossed the vast jungle darkness.

The other part of the safari crept upon the sleeping camp of the savages and, by firing their guns and shouting like demons, they drove off the blacks.

"How did you leave those glowing marks on the trail, Spencer?" everyone wanted to know. "That's how we followed you." "Simple," replied Spencer. "Soaked matches in a gourd of water and smeared the stuff on my shoes. Phosphorus in matches, you know—glows at night."



GEE, UNK...IT'S
AWFUL DEEP
HERE! YOU
SURE YOU
CAN SWIM?

CAN I
SWIM?...
ARE YOU
KIDDIN'?

WHY, YOU'RE
TALKING TO OLE
WATERDOG BREEZE
HIMSELF!



"I REMEMBER ONCE ON A PACIFIC
CRUISE, OUR SHIP WENT DOWN
WITH ALL HANDS--EXCEPT ME!"



"WHAT DID I DO?... I
DOVE ONE MILE TO THE
BOTTOM...GOT SOME DIRT--"



"..PLOPPED IT ON MY CHEST--
PLANTED MY CORNS FOR FOOD,
AND SWAM 2,000 MILES TO SHORE--"



AND YOU ASK ME IF
I CAN SWIM!! ...
WHAT TH...??

WATCH
IT, UNK!
YOUR
OARS
SLIPPED!

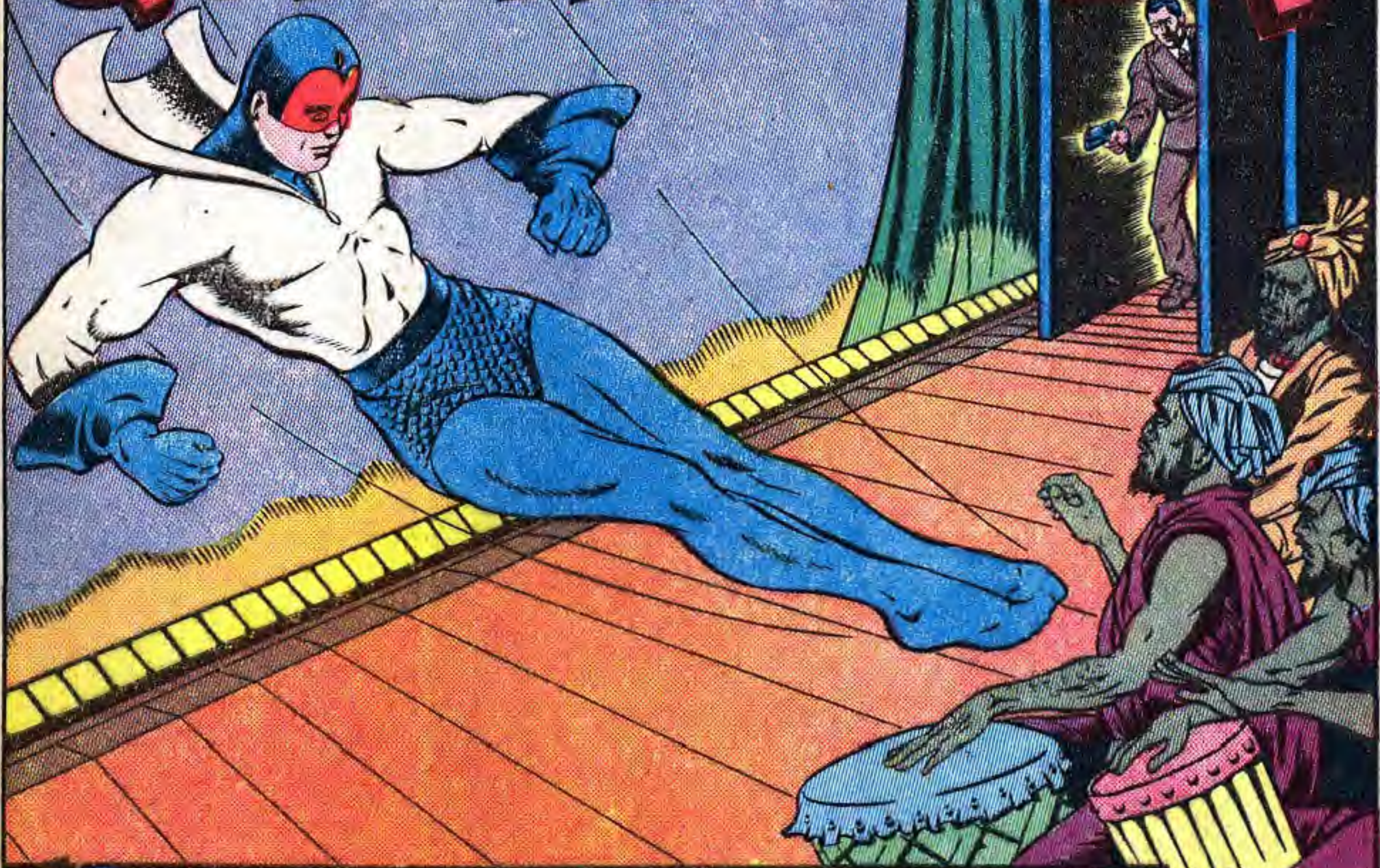


HALLLLP!
MAN OVERBOARD!
THROW OUT A
PRESERVER!
CALLING ALL
LIFE-GUARDS!



ALL I HOPE, UNK,
IS THAT LYIN'AIN'T
HEREDITARY!

QUICKSILVER



RADIUM, THAT MOST POWERFUL OF ALL THE ELEMENTS, CAN BE EITHER A BOON TO MANKIND OR A SCOURGE, DEPENDING UPON HOW IT IS USED! BUT THERE ARE MEN TO WHOM ALL THINGS HAVE ONLY A CASH VALUE! ... AND TO MEN SUCH AS THESE, THE PRECIOUS METAL BECOMES A TEMPTATION TO THIEVERY AND SUDDEN WEALTH! BUT THERE WAS QUICKSILVER... READY TO FACE DEATH, IF NEED BE, TO PREVENT THE KIND OF CRIME THAT MEANT NEEDLESS SUFFERING FOR ALL MANKIND!

BILL QUACKENBUSH

ONE NIGHT AT THE CITY HOSPITAL...

THESE MUGGS NEARLY GOT US, BUT QUICKSILVER FIXED IT SO THEY SHOT EACH OTHER INSTEAD!

H'MM, I THINK THEY CAN BE PATCHED UP IN TIME FOR THEIR TRIAL!

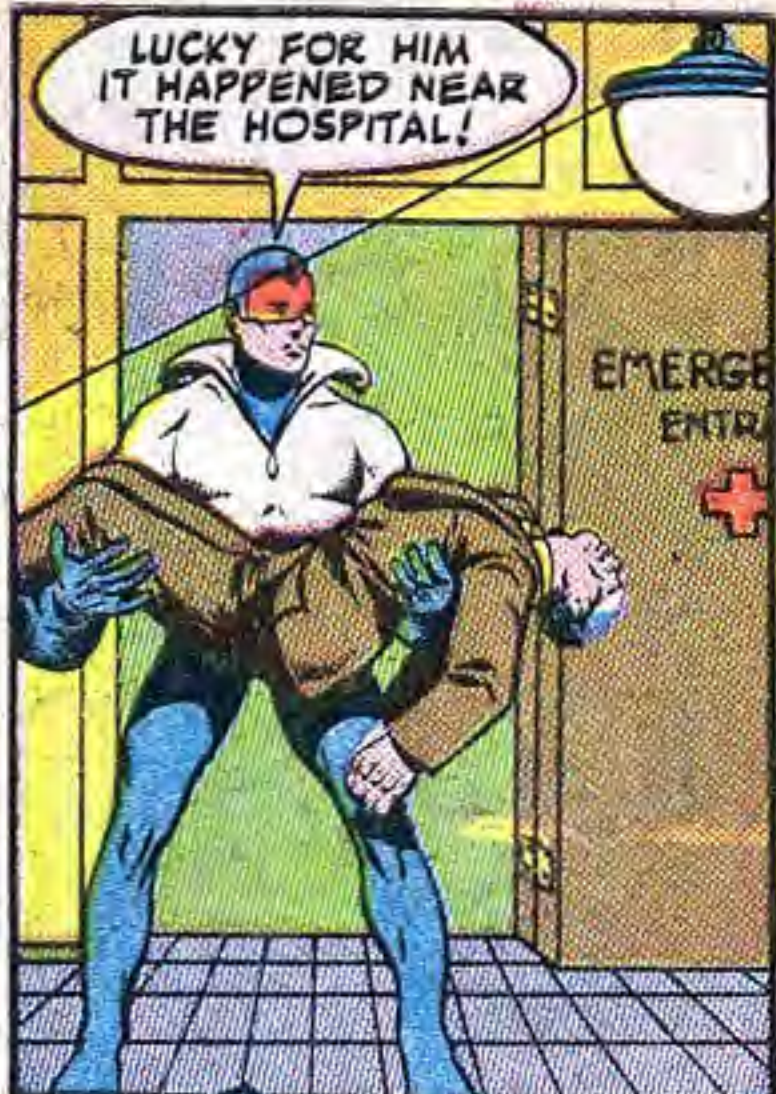
WELL, GUESS I CAN BE GOING NOW, BOYS!



AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE HOSPITAL...

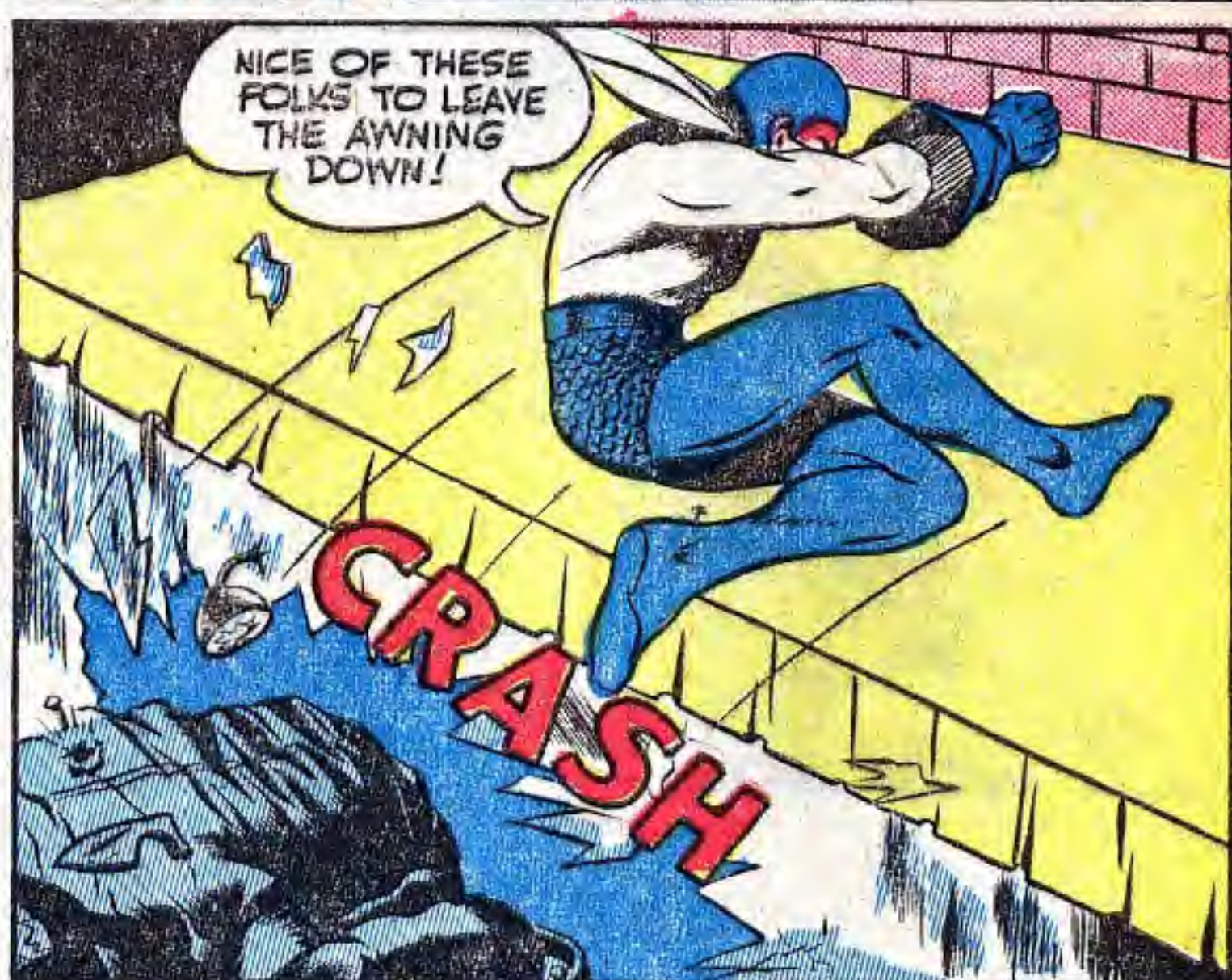
LOOKS LIKE A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER'S VICTIM!







AMBULANCE





THERE HE IS!



NO SHOW FOR YOU TONIGHT, BROTHER! WHERE'S THE RADIUM?

RADIUM?... I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



YOU'VE HIDDEN IT SOMEPLACE! WHERE IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I'VE BEEN IN THIS THEATER ALL NIGHT! ... I'M THE MANAGER OF THE SHEN-DEE TROUPE AND I JUST CAME OUT TO WATCH THEIR PERFORMANCE!



YOU CAN'T CONVINCE ME THAT I'M SEEING DOUBLE! LET'S GO BACKSTAGE AND LOOK AROUND!

SPLendid! THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF PEOPLE THERE TO CONFIRM WHAT I'VE TOLD YOU!



YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, QUICKSILVER! MR. FORTESCUE IS MANAGER OF THE SHEN-DEE TROUPE!

THAT'S RIGHT!

BUT HAS HE BEEN HERE ALL NIGHT?



WELL, AS TO THAT I COULDN'T SAY! I WAS OUT FOR AWHILE MYSELF!

MR. FORTESCUE WAS HERE ALL NIGHT, SAHIB! HE HAS BEEN WITH ME ALL THE TIME!

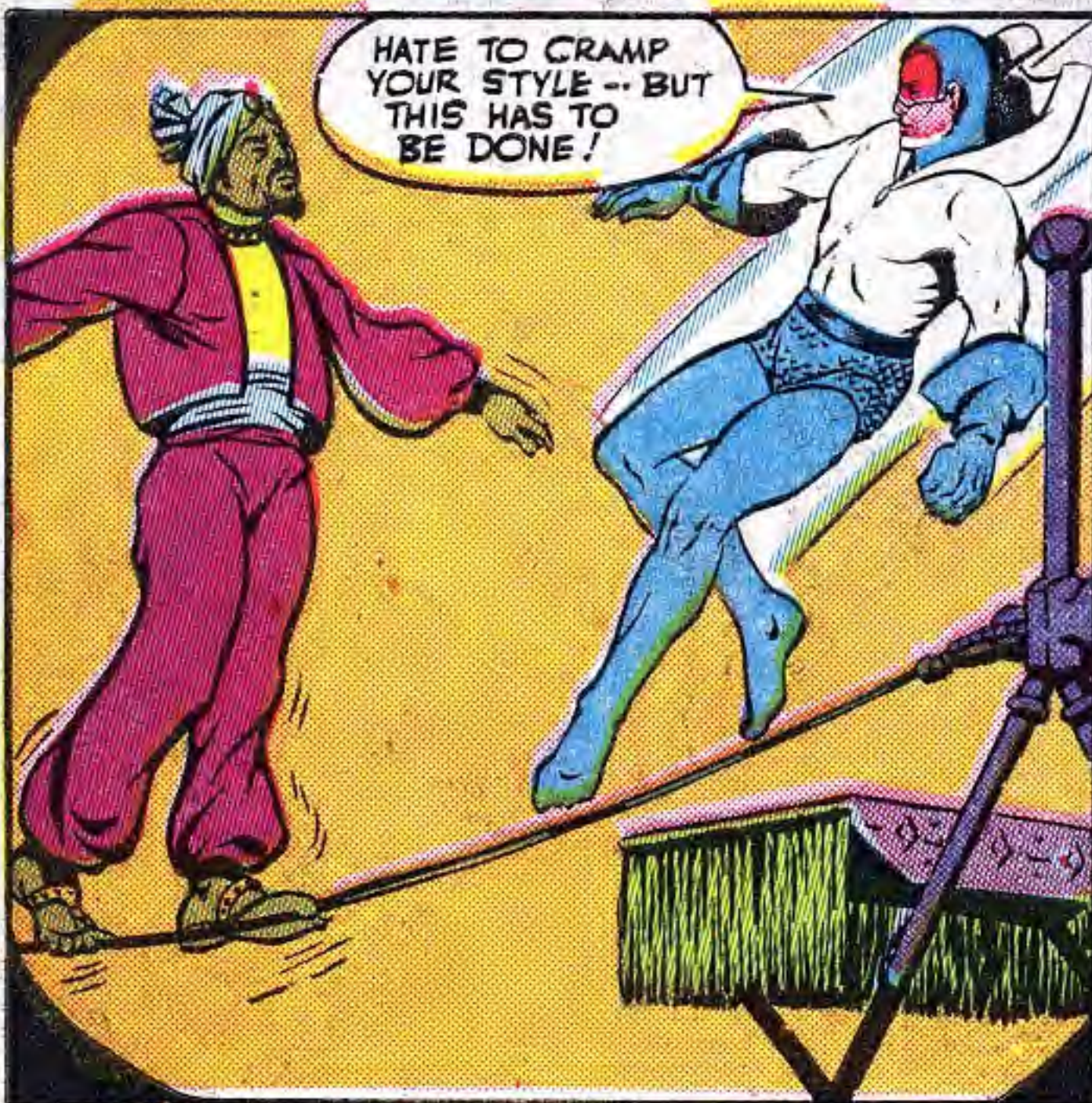


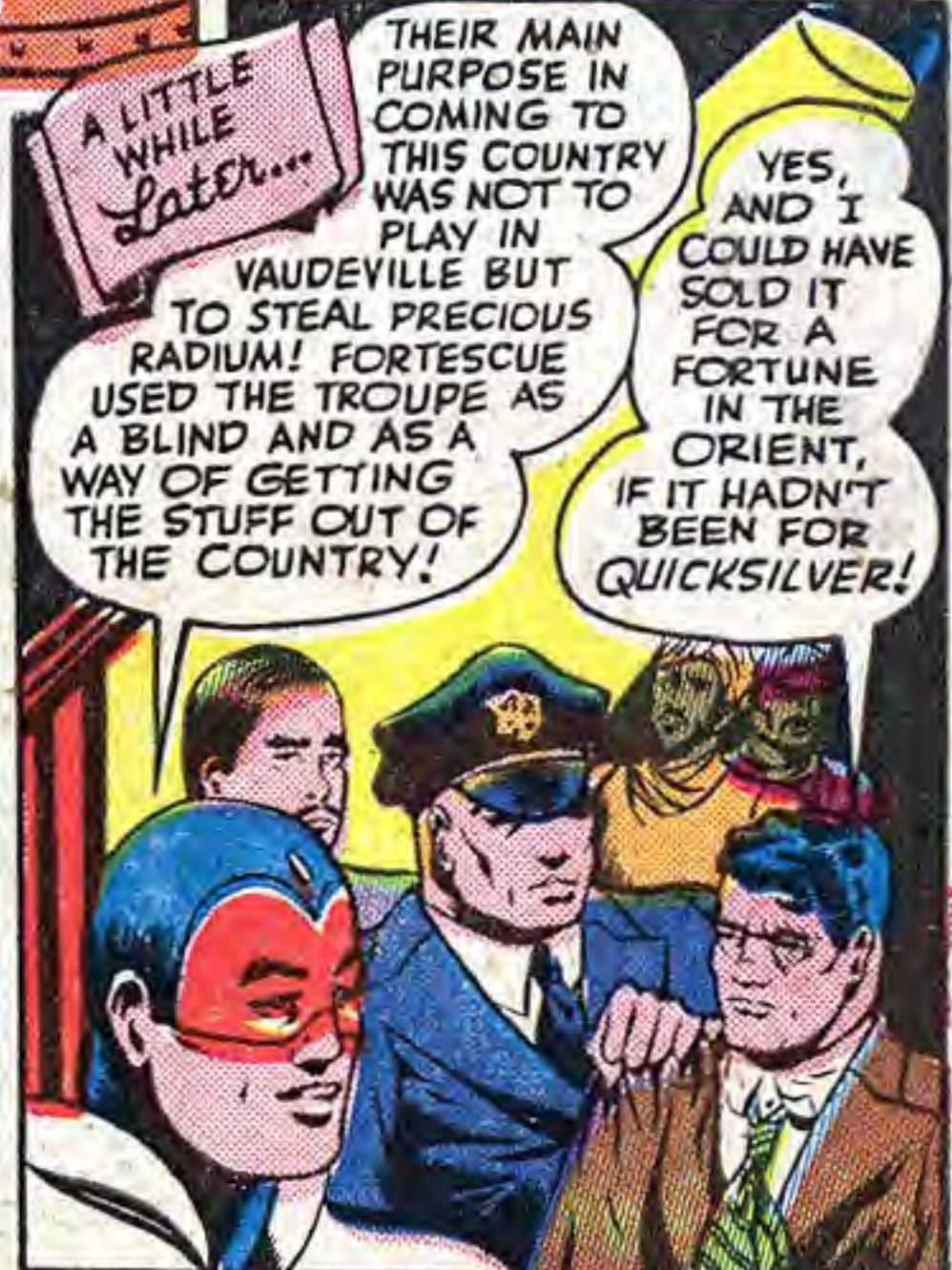
MIND IF I LOOK THROUGH THE DRESSING ROOMS?

NOT AT ALL!



NOT A TRACE OF THE RADIUM! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE BUT THERE MUST BE TWO MEN WHO LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE!

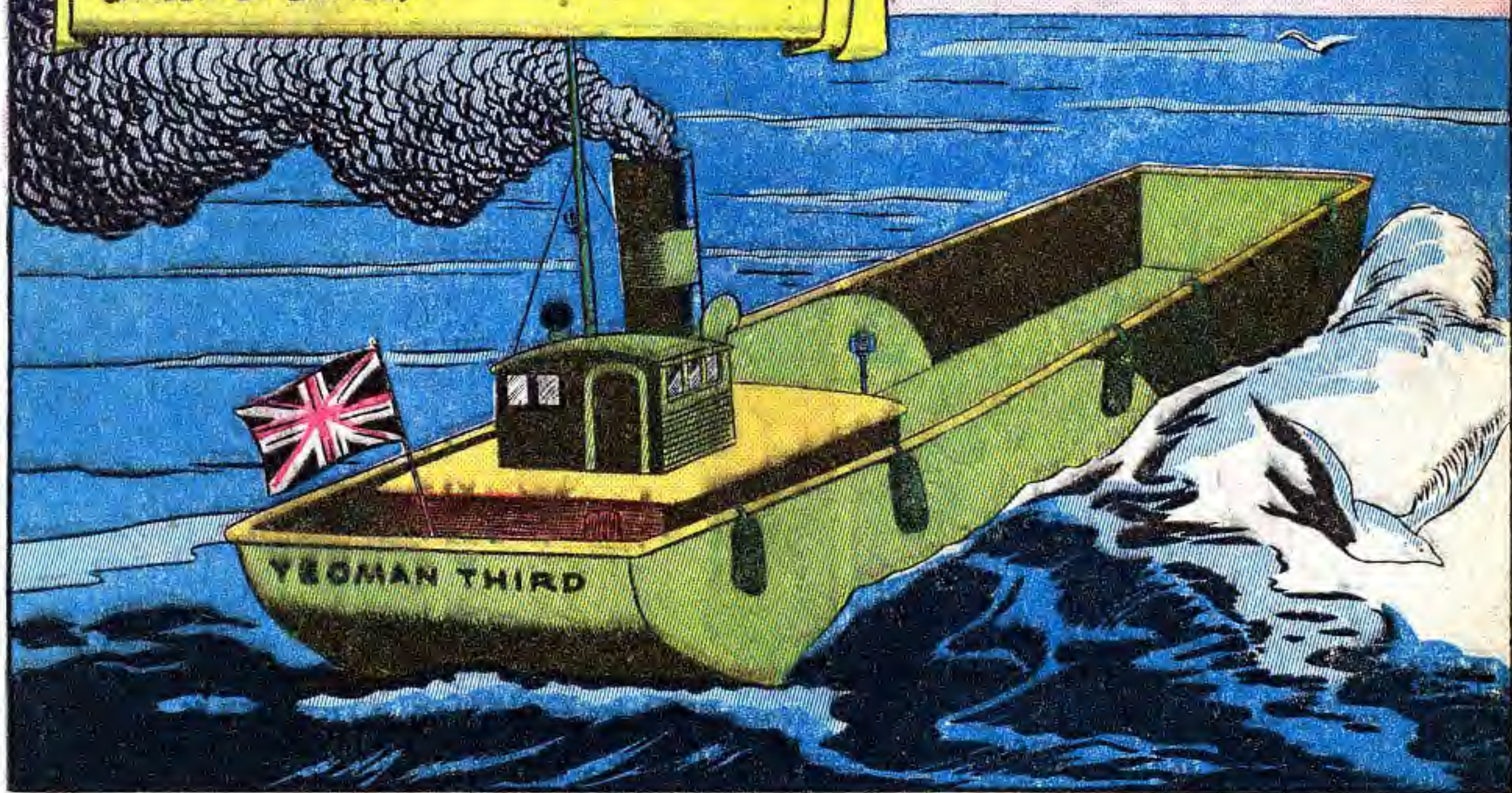




Destroyer 171

YEOMAN THIRD WAS AN UNGAINLY CRAFT... A FLAT-BOTTOMED CONCRETE LOADING BARGE! SURELY IT WAS NO MATCH FOR THE SPEED OF BATTLE-WISE DESTROYER 171, WITH ITS FIGHTING CREW AND CAPTAIN!

BUT YEOMAN THIRD, FOR ALL ITS INNOCENT APPEARANCE, LED DESTROYER 171 INTO ONE OF THE TIGHTEST SCRAPES OF ITS PERILOUS CAREER OF BATTLE!



OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE CITY OF JAWALLAH, DUTCH EAST INDIES, BEFORE THE JAP INVASION...

I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN MARLIN! BUT YOU'VE MORTGAGED YEOMAN THIRD TO THE HILT! WE CAN'T LEND ANY MORE MONEY ON THAT BARGE!

BANK

BUT I NEED THE MONEY TO KEEP MY BARGE RUNNING!

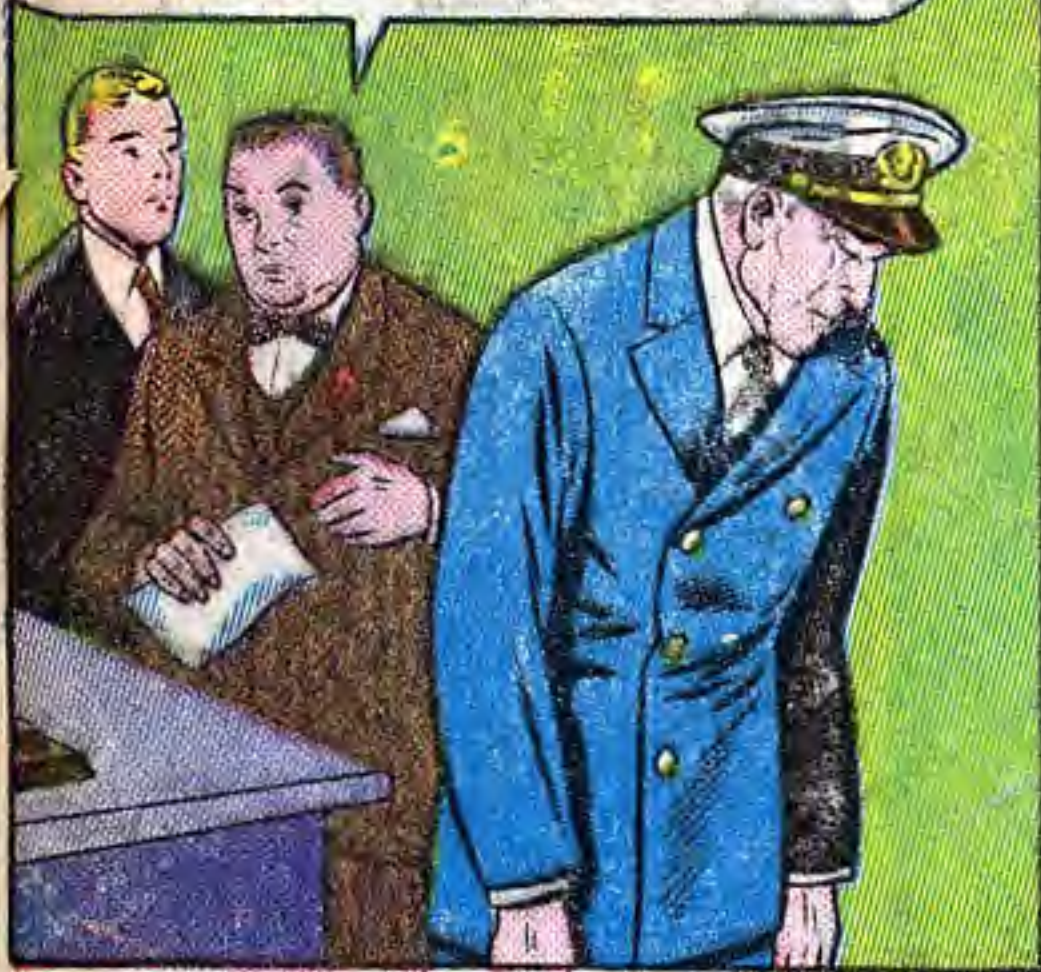


WHY DON'T YOU WAKE UP, CAPTAIN MARLIN? YOU'VE SUNK EVERY PENNY YOU OWN INTO THAT BARGE!

AYE! BUT AS SOON AS I GET SOME FREIGHT TO HANDLE, THE YEOMAN THIRD WILL PAY ME BACK!

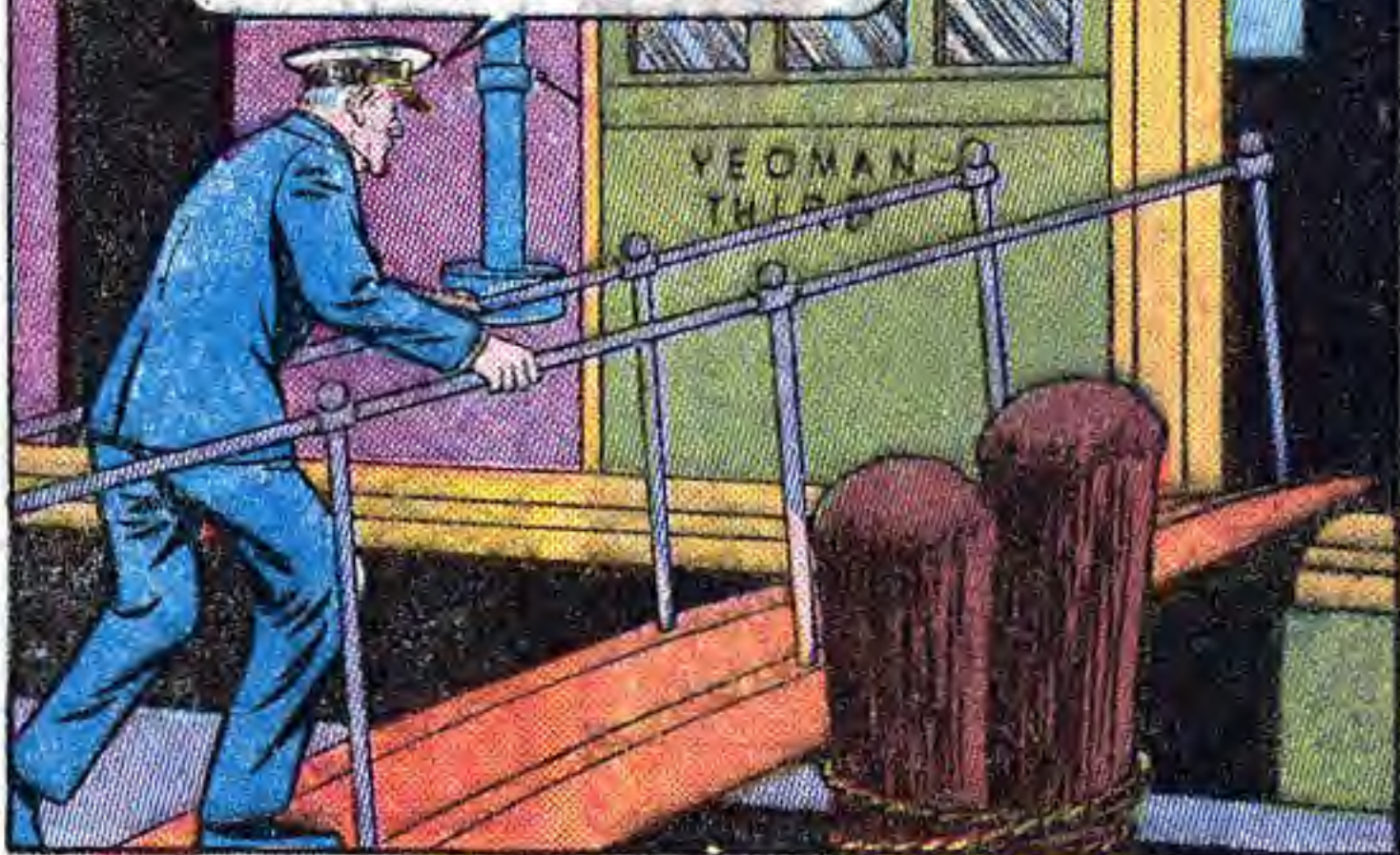


POOR CHAP! HE'S BEEN RUNNING THAT BARGE FOR THREE YEARS AT A LOSS! HE CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO SELL IT!



BUT THERE IS A REASON FOR CAPTAIN MARLIN'S ATTACHMENT TO YEOMAN THIRD...

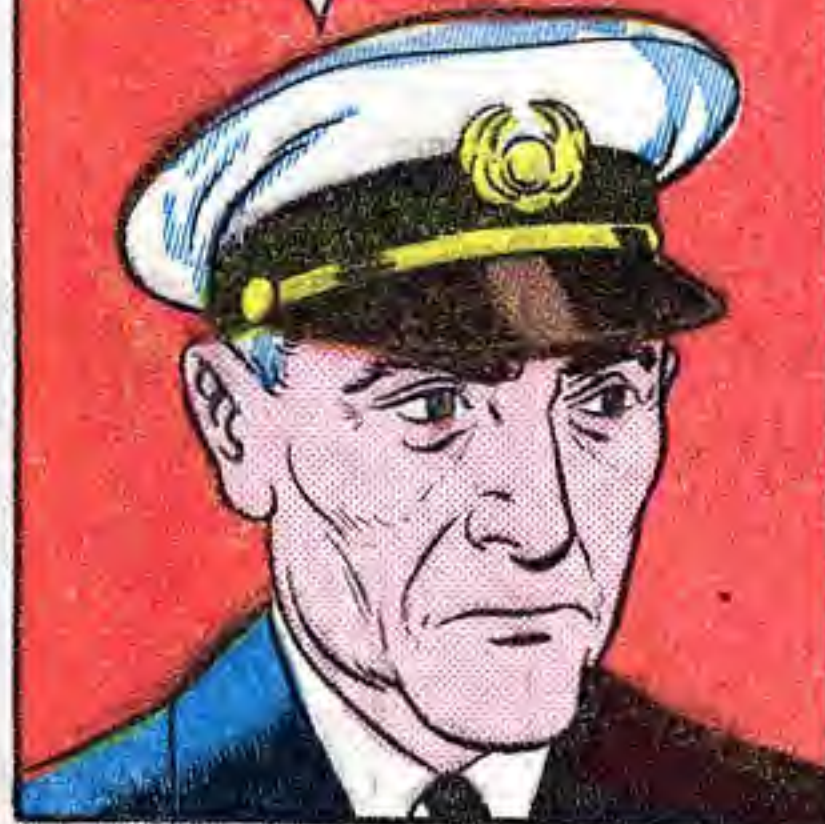
WELL, OLD GIRL! LOOKS AS IF THERE'LL BE NO MORE MONEY!



NEVER MIND! WE'LL KEEP YOU GOING SOMEHOW! THEY WON'T TAKE AWAY CAPTAIN MARLIN'S LAST COMMAND!



THEY SAY I'M TOO OLD TO BE CAPTAIN OF A SHIP! BUT I'M YOUNG ENOUGH TO STAND AT YOUR HELM, OLD GIRL! AND THEY WON'T TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME!



CAPTAIN MARLIN MIGHT HAVE LOST HIS BARGE, AFTER ALL... BUT THERE WERE MIGHTIER EVENTS IN THE MAKING! FROM THE DISTANT ISLANDS OF JAPAN SWARMED A PYGMY ARMY OF BROWN MEN WHO SWEEPED THROUGH THE DUTCH EAST INDIES ON A FLOOD TIDE OF CONQUEST UNTIL AT LAST THEY REACHED JAWALLAH!...

THIS MAN RESISTED EFFORTS OF OUR MEN TO TAKE OVER HIS LANDING BARGE! HE KNOCKED DOWN AN OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY!

SO!



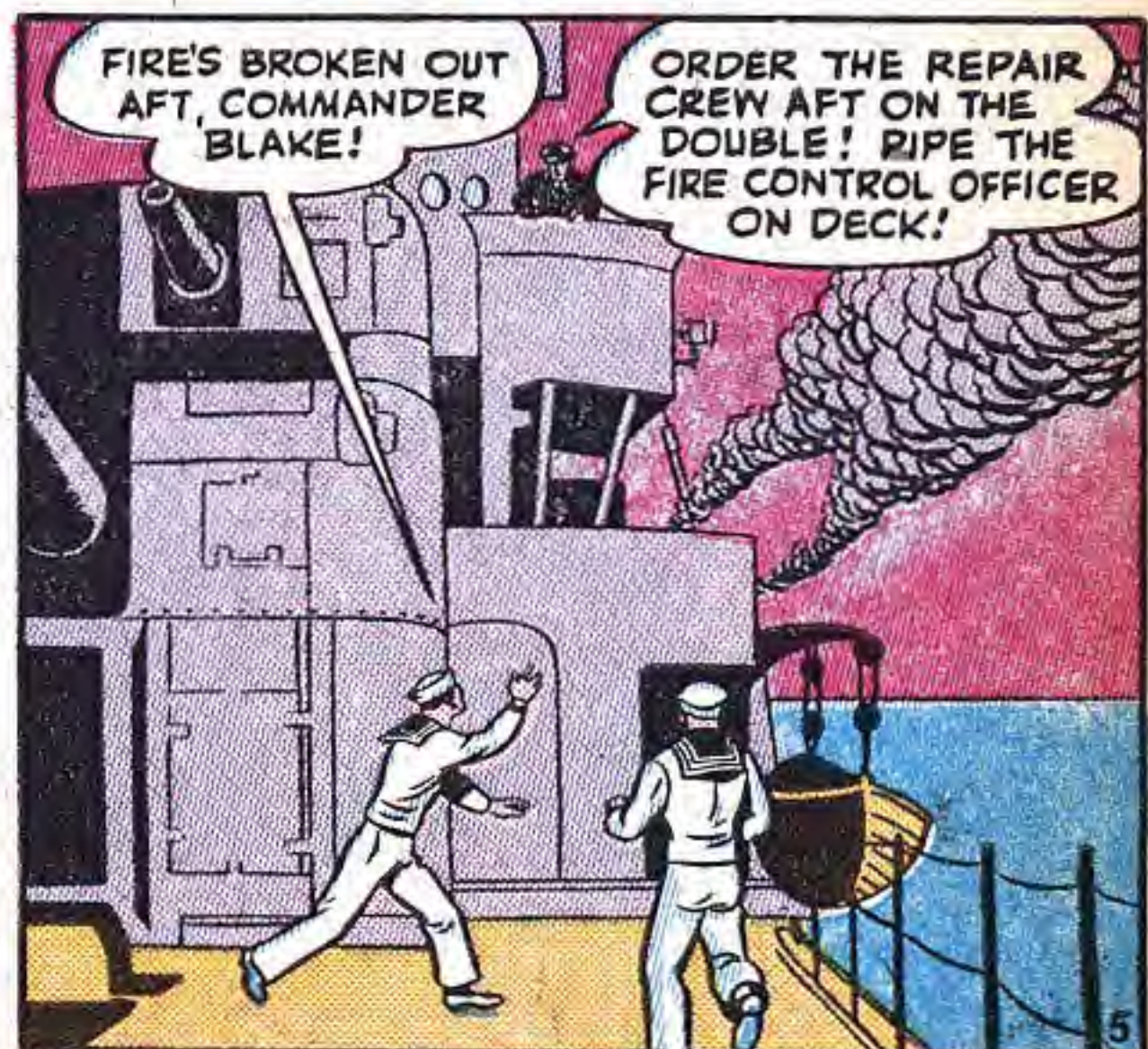
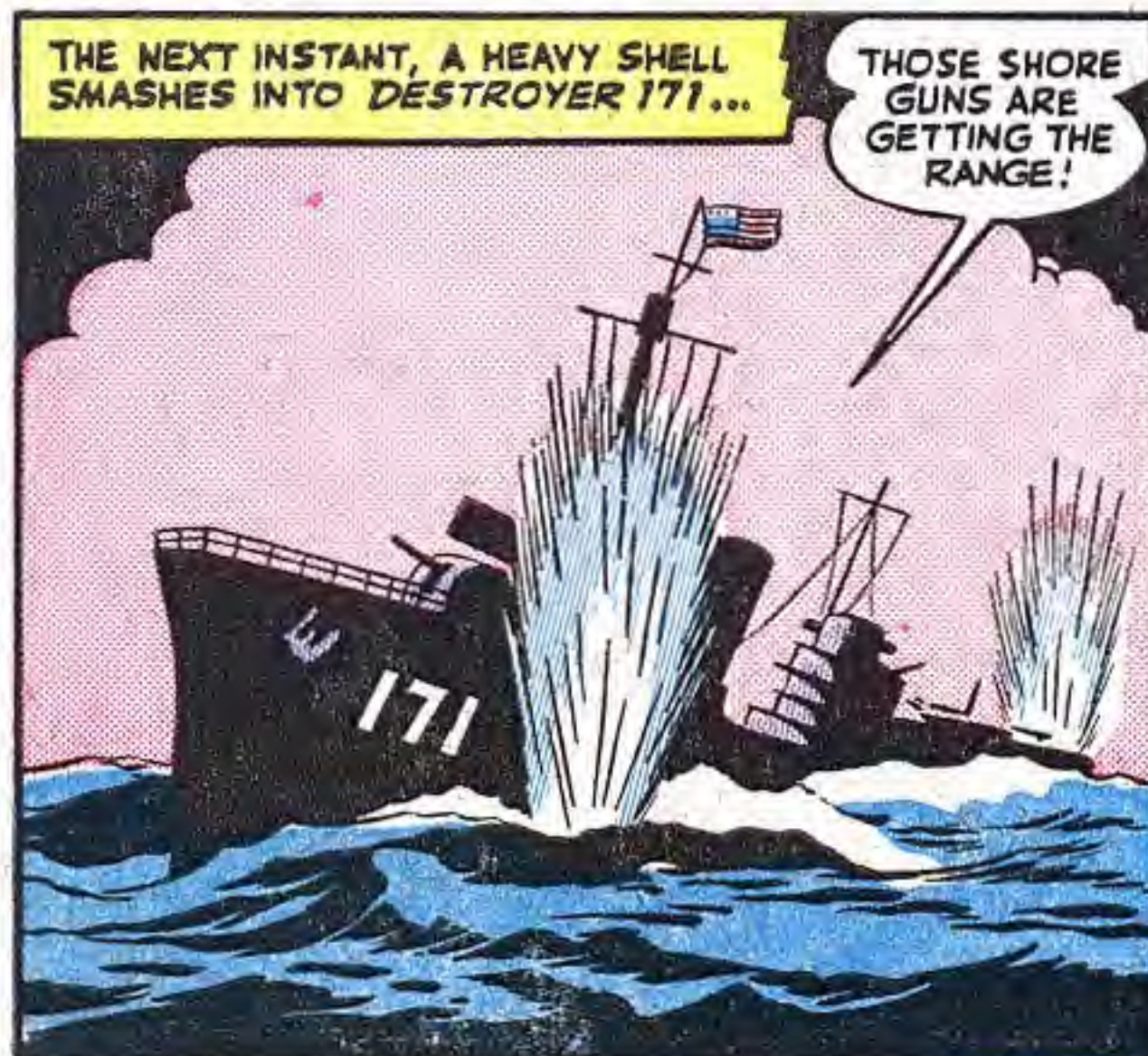
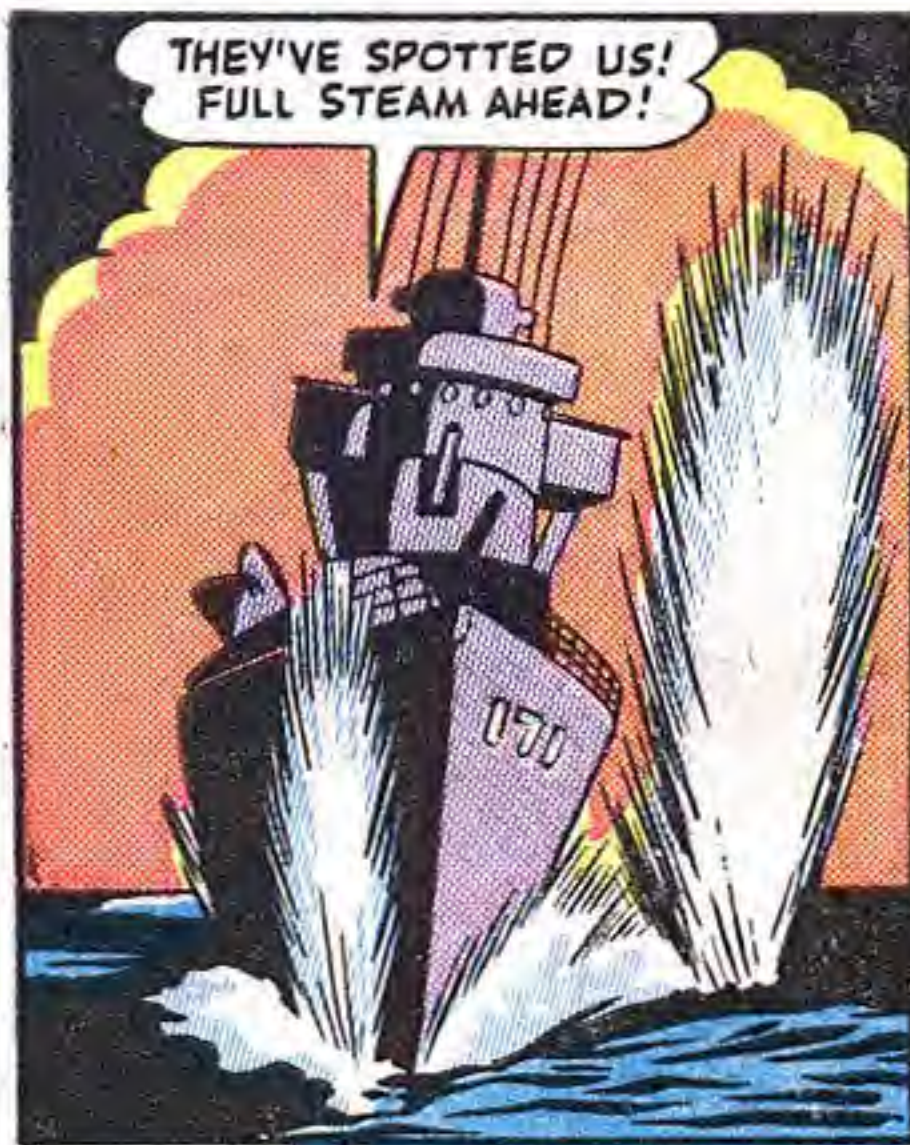
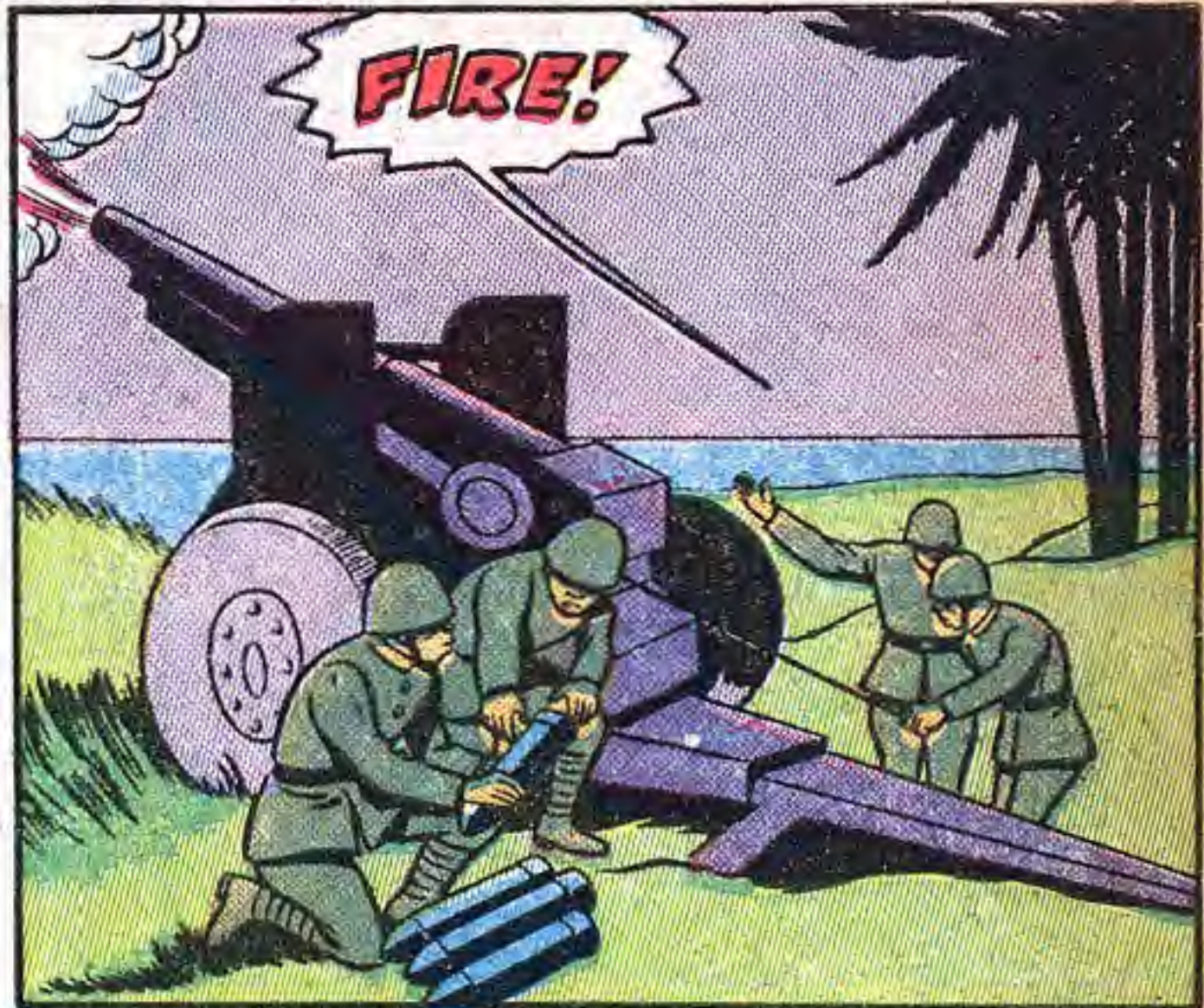
YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR RESISTANCE! WHY DO YOU INVITE DEATH, OLD MAN?

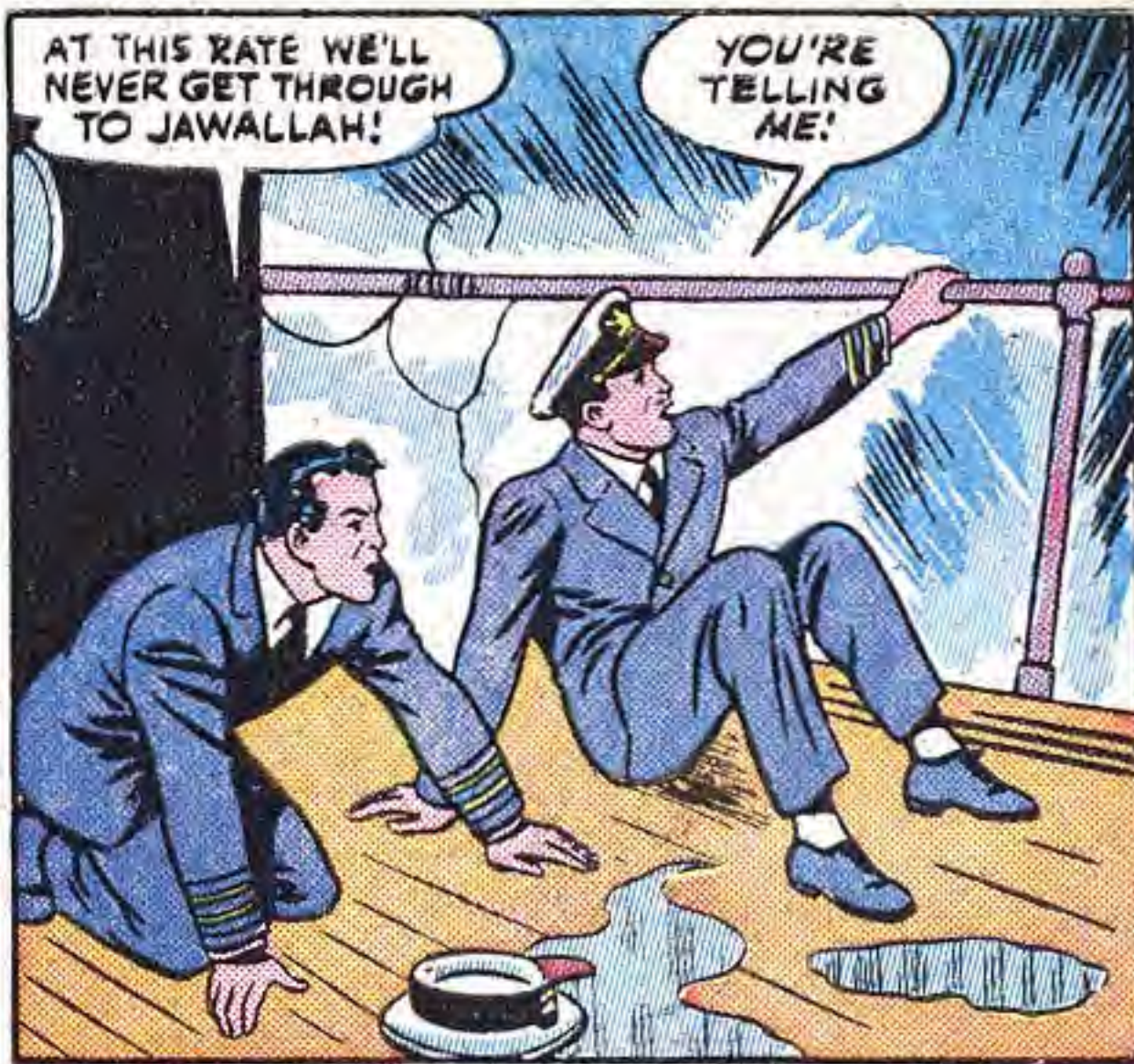
I'M CAPTAIN OF THE YEOMAN THIRD!... NO ONE SETS FOOT ON HER DECK WITHOUT MY PERMISSION!











MEANWHILE, IN JAWALLAH HARBOR, A JAPANESE HARBOR PATROL VESSEL RANGES UP ALONGSIDE THE YEOMAN THIRD...

PUT OUT ALL LIGHTS! ENEMY DESTROYER IS APPROACHING!



GET OTHER SIDE OF HARBOR! HURRY! IF YOUR BARGE IS SUNK HERE, IT WILL BLOCK UP HARBOR!



DO YOU HEAR THAT, OLD GIRL? OUR NAVY IS DOING ITS JOB! THEY'RE COMING IN HERE TO GET US!



THEY'LL WANT TO SINK US! BUT THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND US IN THIS BLACKOUT! ... NOT UNLESS ...



ROCKET FLARES! THAT MIGHT DO THE TRICK! ... BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT, OLD GIRL? SHALL WE LET THE NAVY SINK US?



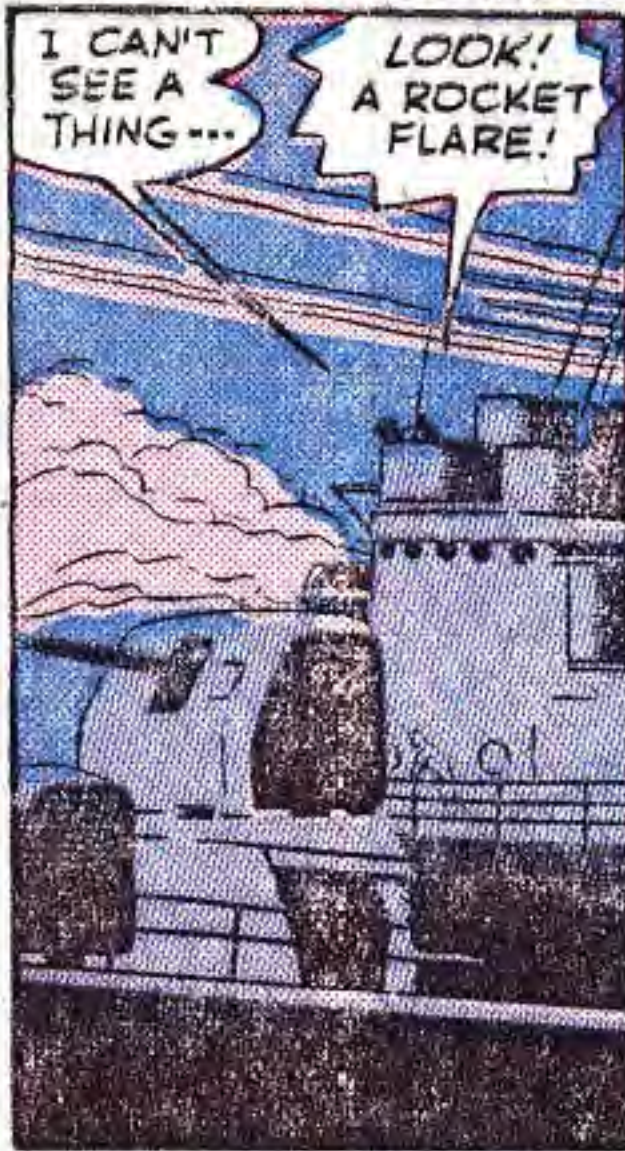
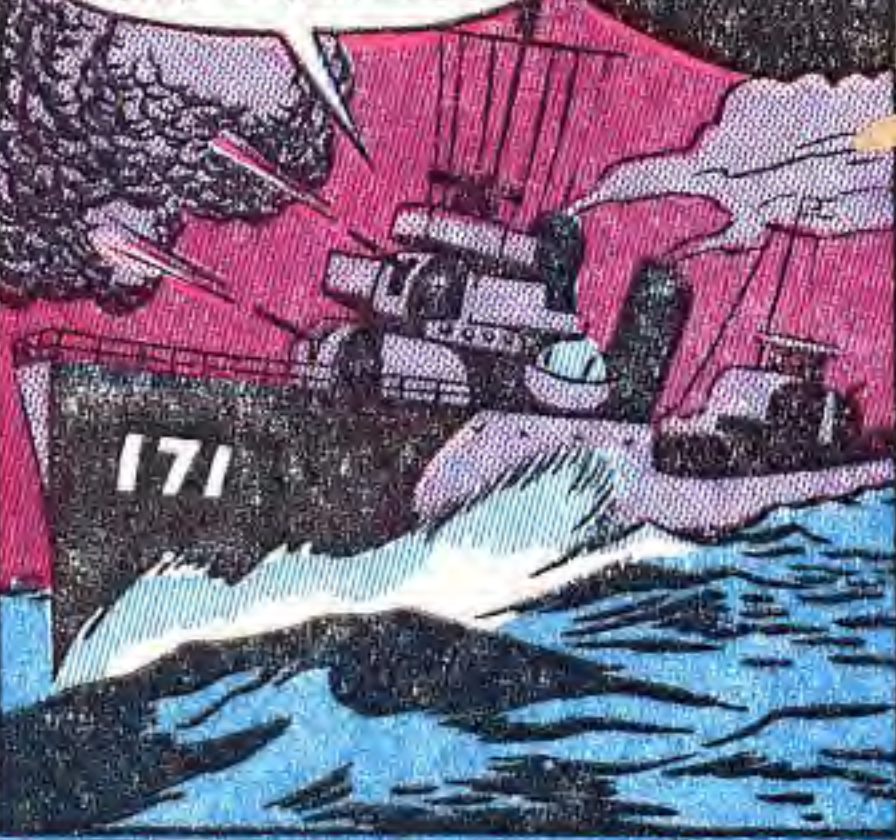
AT THIS MOMENT THE BATTERED BUT FIGHTING DESTROYER 171 LIMPS INTO JAWALLAH HARBOR...

A BLACKOUT! WE'LL NEVER FIND THE BARGE IN THIS DARKNESS!

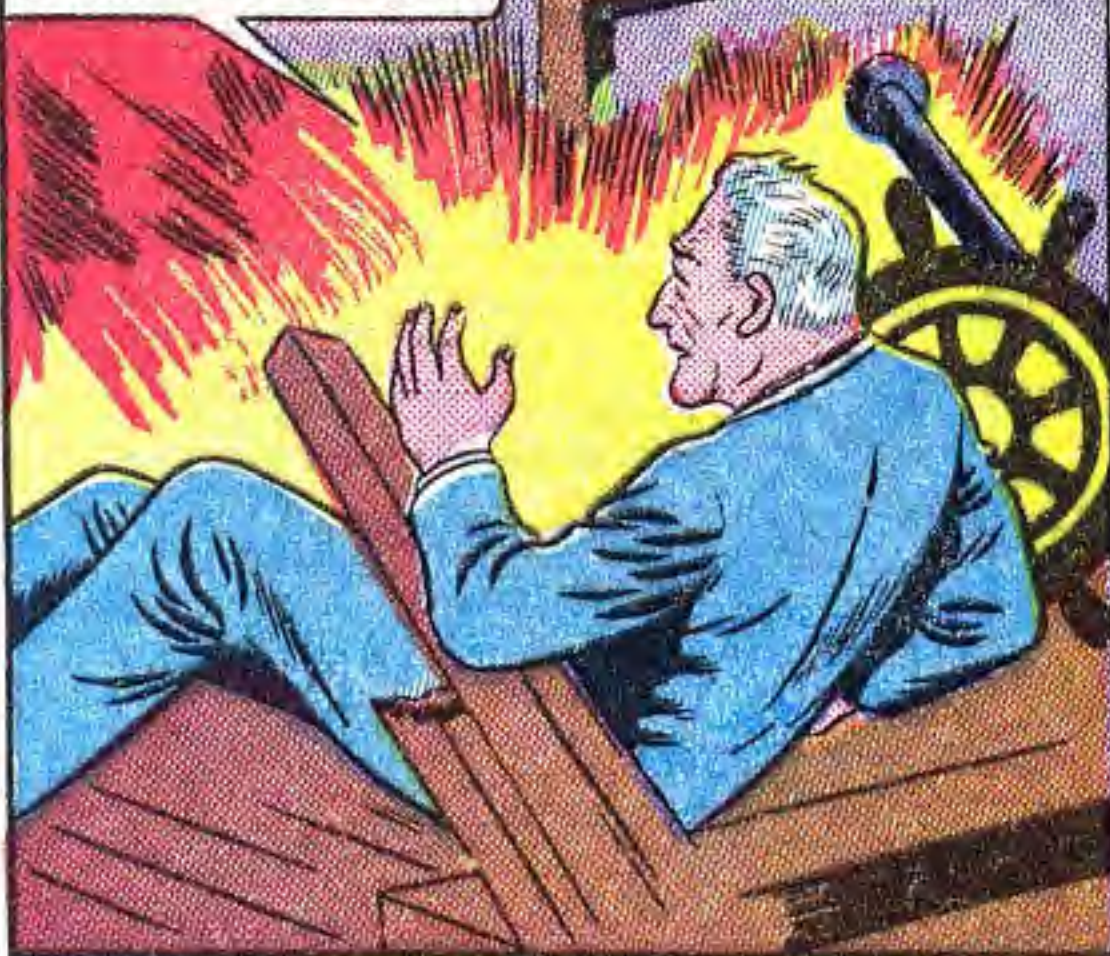
I CAN'T SEE A THING...

LOOK! A ROCKET FLARE!

STARKLY REVEALED IN THE GLARE OF THE ROCKET, THE CONCRETE BARGE MAKES A PERFECT TARGET FOR DESTROYER 171'S GUNS...



OUR LADS CAN SHOOT! THEY'VE GOT US, OLD GIRL! BUT IT'S FOR THE RIGHT SIDE -- AND WE'LL BE GOING DOWN -- TOGETHER!



MORNING FINDS DESTROYER 171 HEADED SWIFTLY AWAY FROM JAWALLAH...

WE DID OUR JOB -- AND WE GOT AWAY SAFELY!



I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHO FIRED THAT ROCKET FLARE! WHOEVER HE WAS CERTAINLY SIGNED HIS OWN DEATH WARRANT!

YES, BUT HE DID OUR NAVY A SERVICE THAT WE WILL NEVER FORGET!



AND SO CAPTAIN MARLIN AND HIS BARGE YEDMAN THIRD ARE STILL FIGHTING THIS WAR TOGETHER!

THEY ARE A VITAL PART OF THE NAVY... FOR THEY ARE GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO JAWALLAH HARBOR, WHERE NO JAPANESE SHIP CAN SAFELY PASS!

Amazing Bargains

Ladies' & Men's

RINGS

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FRIENDSHIP RINGS

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**YOU MUST BE PLEASED OR
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SEND NO MONEY: Just select ring you desire, indicate choice by number on coupon below—mail with ring size, name and address. (For ring size place string or piece of paper around finger. Mark where end touches. Send with order.) When postman delivers package pay him \$1.74 plus 26¢ post-
C.O.D. charges. If you send \$1.75 cash or money order with order, we pay all postage. You save 25¢.

HAREM CO., (House of Rings)

30 Church St., New York 7, N. Y. - Dept. T 114



1. Ladies' Wedding Band with 7 brilliant simulated diamonds. White gold color effect mounting, or yellow gold color.



2. Handclasp Friendship Ring. Yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.



3. Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting or sterling silver.



4. Men's Heavy Signet Ring yellow gold color effect.



5. Men's Ring with large single sparkling simulated diamond. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



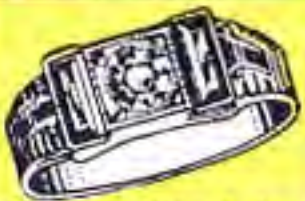
6. Men's Massive Cameo ring with brilliant simulated diamond in center. White gold color effect mounting. (Also available in Ladies' size.)



7. Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver with 2 hearts linked. Beautifully engraved. (Forget-me-not)



8. Child's Ring set with simulated ruby. White gold color effect.



9. Ladies' Ring with dazzling simulated diamond in center and 2 simulated sapphires on each side. White gold color effect mounting.



10. Child's Signet Ring. Yellow gold color effect.



11. Wedding Ring. Raised Bar design. White gold color effect, or sterling silver mounting.



12. Ladies' Dinner Ring set with 11 good sized brilliant simulated diamonds. White gold color effect mounting.



13. Men's Solitaire Ring with simulated diamond in square mounting. Yellow or white gold color effect.



14. Ladies' Solitaire Ring. Large center simulated diamond & smaller stones.



15. Men's Massive Signet ring. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



16. Ladies' or Gents' ring with American Flag on face.



17. Men's Ring. Simulated ruby in center—simulated diamonds on each side. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



18. Ladies' Birthstone Ring with large simulated garnet. White or yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver. Be sure to give birth month for proper color of stone.



19. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement ring. Filigree mounting in white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



20. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement ring with 5 brilliant simulated diamonds in yellow gold color effect mounting.



21. Ladies' Ring with brilliant simulated diamond. White gold color effect mounting.



22. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement ring. Extra large, brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow gold color effect.



23. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement Ring. Exceptionally brilliant simulated emerald. White gold color effect.



24. Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver. Beautifully engraved. Also used as wedding ring.



25. Ladies' Plain Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



26. Men's Ring with large simulated Ruby. Yellow or white gold color effect.



27. Sweetheart Ring. Intertwined hearts with simulated rubies. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



28. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with large, brilliant center diamond (simulated) and 2 smaller stones on each side. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



29. Men's Signet Ring —Yellow Gold color effect.



30. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with gorgeous square simulated emerald. White gold color effect mounting.



31. Key-to-My-Heart Ring in yellow gold color effect mounting.



32. Men's Signet Ring. White gold color effect mounting.



33. Large center simulated "Ladies' Solitaire Ring. diamond — 2 smaller stones. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



34. Child's Ring with beautiful simulated diamond. Yellow Gold color effect mounting.



35. Men's Medium Signet Ring. White Gold color effect mounting.



36. Love & Friendship Ring. clover design also used as Wedding Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



37. Men's Heavy Cameo ring. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting. Two tone face.



38. Ladies' Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



39. Ladies' Solitaire Ring. 3 sparkling simulated diamonds. White gold color effect mounting.



40. Men's Signet Ring. White or yellow gold color effect mounting.



41. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with large center simulated diamond and 6 smaller stones. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



42. Ladies' Wedding Band. Five large brilliant simulated diamonds. White or Yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.



43. Hand Clasp Love & Friendship ring. Rings come apart to form 2 rings. Made of sterling silver.



44. Men's Ring. Indian head. White gold color effect mounting.



45. Men's Wedding Ring. —Yellow Gold color effect.



46. Ladies' or Gents' Lock-at ring. Holds 1/2x1/4" picture. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



47. Men's Ring with square cut simulated garnet. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



48. Wedding Band. Set with sparkling simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.

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Send me ring style I have indicated. I'll pay postman \$1.74 plus postal and C.O.D. charges of 26¢. I am enclosing \$1.75 with order, you pay all postal charges. (Canadian orders must be accompanied by \$2. cash or money.) If I am not satisfied I may return the ring within 10 days and get my money back.

Style No.

Ring Size

Name

Address

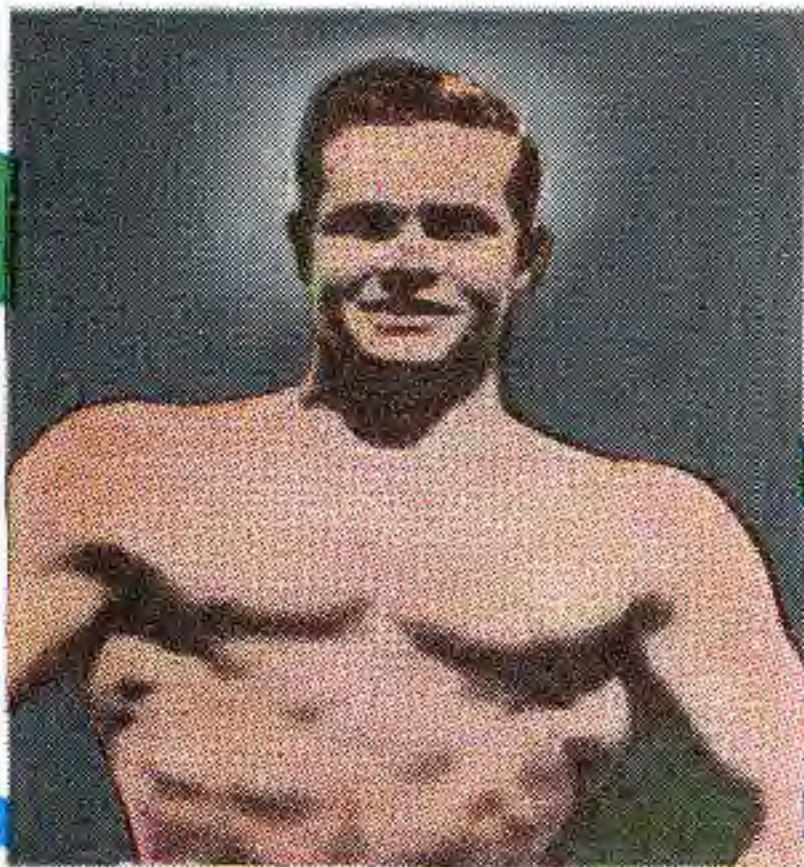
City State

HE Mailed This Coupon

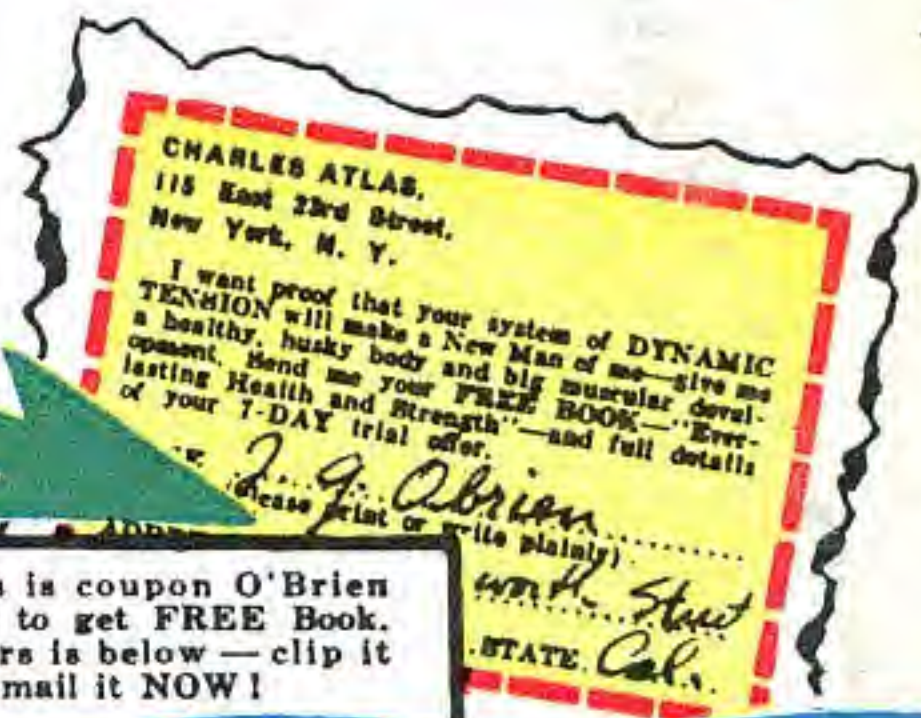
J. G. O'BRIEN

Atlas Champion
Cup Winner

This is an ordinary snapshot of one of Charles Atlas' Californian pupils.



This is coupon O'Brien sent to get FREE Book. Yours is below — clip it and mail it NOW!



...and Here's the Handsome Prize-Winning Body I Gave Him!

J. G. O'BRIEN saw my coupon. He clipped and mailed it. He got my free book and followed my instructions. He became a New Man. NOW read what he says:

"Look at me NOW! 'Dynamic Tension' WORKS! I'm proud of the natural easy way you have made me an 'Atlas Champion'!"
J. G. O'Brien.

"I'll prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN"

Charles Atlas

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE; I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes a Day

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-cheated weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You learn to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension." You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

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In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM to do. See what I can do for YOU. For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3302, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS

An untouched photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" can help make me a New Man—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your FREE book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." No obligation.

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